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J. CASWALL-SMITH

LADY WINDSOR.

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THE Journal for all interested in

Country Life and Country Pursuits

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WALL GARDENING.

WE feel no excuse is necessary for giving prominence to the subject of wall gardening. During recent years outdoor gardening has undergone a vast and delightful change. We see positions for creating pictures of rare charm and beauty hitherto unheeded, and our eyes are opened to ways of adding enjoyment to country life pursuits by simple forms of English gardening. Wall gardening is one of these, and we draw attention to it now, as September is one of the best months to sow seeds, to bring some of the charms of many an old castle keep to the walls of the homestead. Ways of gardening scarcely thought of a few years ago are now being taken up with great eagerness, and the good gardener seeks to make gardens of living beauty of the water surface and the wall. As a well-known writer upon wall gardening recently said: "The better knowledge of many of the beautiful flowers of the Alps has shown that, though some are plants for our garden borders, and a still greater number will suit our rock gardens, there are many, and among them some of the most beautiful, that are plants whose right home in England is an actual wall."

We have not, except in a few favoured gardens, such natural walls as many alpine have the benefit of at home, but most gardens have some kind of walls, while many have retaining walls of unmortared stone—what are known as dry walls. Now we have come to see how valuable these places are, for there

are a good number of the mountain plants that can only be grown successfully in an actual wall, where their roots ramble back into the cool stony depths, and the heads are in full sunlight. In many gardens, too, there are steep turfy slopes, which can be made into rough walls in which numbers of beautiful mountain flowers will spread freely and flower abundantly in their appointed seasons.

Wall gardening is a fascinating study, full of possibilities, and as yet little understood. But the mossy flower-stained walls of many an ancient keep, or some low cottage wall, such as that seen in one of the illustrations, should surely teach us that this form of gardening might enable one to grow many a rock flower that now languishes for want of just those conditions that the wall affords.

Those who have thick mossy old walls possess a paradise for many a rock flower, and it is only necessary to go over the walls, pick out the weeds and rubbish, and retain as much of the moss as possible to provide the right conditions for the plants. Never try and make a rock garden of this wall surface, but wisely choose first those things that we know will do well, and then as knowledge increases add others, until an extensive collection has been got together. Masses of wallflower, arabis, purple aubrietia, valerian, the noble leaved mulleins, sedums, saxifrages, and ivy-leaved toad-flax are the plants to begin with, and so sow the seed or put in the little seedlings that a rich splash of colour is the result, not a dotting of a hundred things for the sake of a mere collection.

It is a wonder that this beautiful way of growing many an alpine flower has not long ago gained the affections of the earnest gardener. There are object-lessons in the wild wall growths, the thick clustering of ferns, and the colonies of snapdragon and foxglove. These and many other flowers as beautiful grow contentedly with no other support than decaying mortar, and surely make a glorious return for their small wants.

As the writer referred to points out: "A wall of living beauty is possible before the mixed border has become established, or in gardens where no rock garden is possible, many beautiful alpine plants that love to send their roots into the crevices are quite as happy here—even more so—than elsewhere."

Sometimes there are in the garden rough stone steps leading perhaps to an outhouse or loft. In the crevices of the stones it is possible to establish many a flower, and we well remember in a Surrey garden seeing the crevices of steps of this kind full of *Erinus alpinus*. A few seeds of this pretty flower were scattered in the joints, and mossy tufts grew and thrived, taking to the somewhat unpromising place with a cheerful vigour that was more than the expected reward of what was only ventured upon as a piece of experimental planting. So that one may confidently advise anyone who has a bit of moss-grown wall or steep stony bank to sow *Erinus alpinus* and leave the accommodating little alpine to do the rest.

A host of plants may be raised from seed and the seedlings pricked into the wall, or the seed can be sown in the chinks, but when sowing such things as wallflowers and snapdragons be careful that the seed is derived from a good source. We made a liberal sowing of snapdragons in an old wall, but the results were not gratifying, the flower colouring being poor and the growth stiff and dwarf. None of the squat and pigmy forms of naturally beautiful flowers should find a place in the wall or indeed in any part of the garden. Many plants not considered wall plants are happy in chinks into which they can thrust their roots. *Oenothera Youngi* is a type of plant usually regarded as for the mixed border only, but at the time of writing in a garden near the Thames side this is making a cloud of yellow, in company with the pretty maiden pink (*dianthus deltoides*), which is quite happy in mossy chinks.

Situation has much to do with the success of wall gardening. Shade-loving flowers are unhappy in full sun, and the wall gardener must be ever mindful of the intense heat plants are exposed to on a surface of brick or stone. We lately noticed in one garden *arenaria balearica* drying up on a wall in full sun, but spreading freely in a moist half-shady spot. It is by studying the nature of the plants that success is attained, and only in this way does gardening become a pleasurable and instructive pastime.

The glory of many an English village and homestead is in the thick moss-stained walls wherein a hundred lovely flowers have sent their roots into the chinks and painted them with tender colouring, drifts of yellow from toadflax, and many other wildings flinging their stems from their rocky hold.

Our Portrait Illustrations.

IN this week's number of COUNTRY LIFE the frontispiece is a portrait of Lady Windsor, and in another part of the paper will be found a description and some beautiful illustrations of Lord and Lady Windsor's Welsh country house, St. Fagan's. On page 365 will be found a portrait of the Hon. Mr. Cecil Bingham and her child.



MR. HANBURY is the most energetic Minister for Agriculture we have had for many years, and possibly the slowly advancing cause of co-operation in farming may receive a much-needed impetus from his support. In a few directions it has for some time been spreading. The advantages of combining for the purchase of manures, seeds, and feeding-stuffs are now well understood, and to some extent the same principles have been applied to selling. But the co-operative dairy spreads very slowly, and Mr. Hanbury put his finger on the right spot when he frankly ascribed the tardiness to jealousy. The English farmer considers himself too big a man to join with others in order to make butter and cheese. If he has a dairy herd, he much prefers the milk trade. Surely, however, that must soon get overdone, with farmers sending in milk to London from such distant counties as Derbyshire, Lincolnshire, and Somersetshire. The chief difficulty, of course, lies in recovering a reputation for English butter. At present it does not command a sufficiently high price in the market. Co-operation might, however, get over that difficulty, and Mr. Hanbury is well advised to give it the full support of his department.

Some highly interesting and practical experiments in the cold storage of fruit have been carried out by the Ontario Agricultural College. It has been found that apples and pears to keep well should be wrapped singly in thin paper, and packed in a box that should not hold more than a bushel. They should also be placed in layers. Obviously only the best fruit would repay so much trouble, and it has been found that unsound or inferior fruit is not suitable for the purpose. The process of ripening goes on in cold storage more slowly than on the tree, so that the fruit should be packed before it is quite ripe. It is ascertained, also, that fruit can be kept only for a certain time, the limit seeming to be when it has reached the stage of dead ripeness. Duchesse pears can be kept till late December; Fameuse or Snow apples till March or April. The information that has been procured will be found of value in the country house as well as for commercial purposes. As the experiments are to be continued, it may be hoped that our knowledge will be rendered still more exact. Each species of fruit seems to require its own special treatment.

Among "the short and simple annals of the poor" we have seldom encountered a case more worthy of record than that of Robert Cargill. He is ninety-two years of age, and yet capable of doing a hard day's work. At Balderton, near Newark, he mowed an acre of barley in three days during the present harvest, although the grain was much laid and rendered difficult to cut by the recent gales. Recent investigation has, we believe, led experts to the conclusion that centenarians are born, and that a man with the proper constitution for "putting in his hundred" may do anything in reason without endangering his life; but it is curious how many patriarchs came out of what are called the bad old times. This one began work at seven, and doubtless found bird-scaring and weeding healthier than school. His early youth was spent during a period when agricultural wages were very low, overcrowded cottages as plentiful as mushrooms, and hunger was a gaunt and frequent visitor. Yet that hard regimen produced men of splendid vitality. We would very willingly show the photograph of this nonagenarian with the scythe he can still wield so well.

No one who has paid attention to the signs of the times in Russia can fail to see how disaffection is surging among the lower classes. If anything approaching the peasant troubles of last year had occurred in this country, what an array of special commissioners would have been sent into the disturbed districts, and what heaps of leading articles written! Politicians would have argued, measures would have been brought into the House of Commons, and every man with a grievance made a hero of. In striking contrast is the procedure of the Czar.

Sternly he told them, "the culprits will meet the punishment they deserve," and then, "I desire to remind you of the words which my late father, at the time of his Coronation, spoke to the Cantonal Elders: 'Listen to your local nobility, and do not listen to nonsensical rumours.'" Canute bidding the waves retreat is the only simile we can think of. It does indeed seem strange for any potentate of the twentieth century to attempt to withstand the spread of new doctrines by simply issuing a command. He can only drive them underground to reappear as Nihilism. "I will not leave their real needs unheeded," is his final promise. The speech illustrates at once what is fine in the character of the Czar, and what is fatal in the Russian system—medieval autocracy revived to allay modern discontent.

The *Garden*, in an admirable article, advocates the encouragement of cottage-garden shows, not of the kind run by the local magnates, principally for their own gratification, but of shows managed and controlled by the cottagers themselves. Anything more likely to stimulate a healthy desire for village life in preference to the rush and gaiety of the town it is hard to conceive. The friendly rivalry between neighbours, and the interest each takes in his own little plot of ground when he knows that the fruits of his labour may possibly bring him due reward in the way of honour and glory, besides the envy of half the parish, is sufficient stimulant to induce him to spend his leisure hours in honest work, while the pleasure he derives is out of all proportion to that of his other and less innocent amusements. Then, again, a man who cultivates his garden well is bound to learn something, and no matter what his ordinary occupation is, his daily work will not suffer for the few hours spent in his garden.

Two items of news appear side by side in a daily paper. One is a description of the gigantic American beef trust, the other a Trade Unionist discussion of trusts. The American operators make a show of enormous figures—Capital £100,000,000, annual business £200,000,000, profits £30,000,000. No doubt these are only on paper, but all the same the movement is one of the most important of its kind, and it is obvious that the plunder from it is meant to be extracted from the pockets of the consumer. We have not the slightest sympathy with trusts, and believe them to be inimical to the general welfare. Yet it is difficult to see what legitimate causes of complaint the Trade Unionists possess. They call on Government to interfere, because of the alarming rise in the price of food products, but then they have combined in the same way to raise the price of labour, and few would dispute that the great raising of house-rent, for instance, is traceable to them. They cannot logically refuse to capital the same right that is claimed by labour. At any rate a vague call for "Government" to interfere can do very little good. The American beef trust is not likely to be affected by a meeting at Peckham Rye. We all wish that somebody would interfere, but the task of framing legislation that will effectually end trusts and combines is no easy one.

The report of the Commissioners of Prisons for the year ending March 31st is not by any means an encouraging document. There were 193 more prisoners sentenced to penal servitude and 17,163 more to imprisonment than in the preceding year, and altogether 1901-2 is the worst year for crime we have had since 1885. Some not very satisfactory explanations are brought forward to account for the increase, the most plausible being that the tendency for people to assemble in large industrial centres tends to develop the criminal instinct. The figures show conclusively that our educational system has not done what was expected of it. "Spend your money on schools and you will save it in prisons," was the old cry, but after spending a very great deal on schools the accommodation wanted for criminals is greater than ever it was before. One thing shown is that of the whole criminal population nearly half have been convicted more than once, which suggests that one of the most pressing problems is how to deal with the habitual criminal. To let him loose after punishment only seems to encourage him in his evil ways. It would almost seem better to detain him, though any proposal with that object would almost certainly be stigmatised as an interference with the liberty of the subject.

Anything which tends to the detection and therefore prevention of crime must always be welcome, and this accounts for the interest taken in the case of a burglar tried by Mr. Bosanquet and a jury last week. The prisoner was arrested for an attempted burglary, but before that the authorities at Scotland Yard had been on the look-out for him because of a former and more successful raid on a house in another district. In this case the window-sill had been freshly painted, and the impression of the housebreaker's left thumb was clearly left. A photograph of this impression was taken and compared with a vast number of similar records kept in Scotland Yard, and by this means the crime was brought home to him. The experts assert that there is absolutely no fear of mistaken identity, as

the pattern of the corrugations on each man's fingers differs, and indeed each digit has a character of its own. If after a little more experience of the system this proves to be true, it will certainly tend to lighten the work of the police authorities and to ensure a greater respect for law and order. The system has been more carefully studied in France and other continental countries than in our own, but such a startling theory requires to be very carefully tested before it can be accepted in an English court of law.

THE GREEN PIPER.

There is a Piper who can blow
Tunes sweeter than the four winds know,
Though wild and weird their pibrochs are.
None knows what strange and nameless star
Blazed when this new song came to earth,
None looked upon the Piper's birth
'Neath reddening leaf or hawthorn snow.

When he was little he was fair,
His feet went dancing everywhere,
Sure some sweet secret to surprise.
You could not look into his eyes
And keep a thought of discontent,
So near to joy the small feet went,
Its perfume hung about his hair.

His pipe talked long and low and sweet
Of claspings hands and dancing feet,
Of brooks whose voice is like a song,
Of blithe wood-spirits cloistered long
In trunks of oak and ash and fir.
No silver birch denied him her
Spring secret, if he sought for it.

But now the Piper is full grown,
He treads an altered way alone.
Dryads he meets not, but he sees
Beneath the bark of stately trees
The burrowing beetle make her way
And bring the splendour to decay,
The strength to weakness overthrown.

No truer truth is that he hears
Than what sang in his childish ears
That beauty is more strong than pain.
And he shall sing that song again,
Whenever spring is in the world,
And ferns no more lie closely curled
Against the touch of winter's spears.

NORA CHESSEX.

According to the returns collected by the Labour Department of the Board of Trade, employment showed a slight falling off in August as compared with the corresponding month of last year. This occurred despite an improvement in the woollen and worsted industries, and in some branches of the iron trade. In the 222 Unions, with an aggregate membership of over half a million, the proportion of unemployed is given as 4.5 per cent., as compared with 4 per cent. in July. The net effect of the changes that have taken place in wages is an average fall of about sixpence a week. It will be seen that the figures confirm the general opinion that commerce is meeting with one of its periodical checks. There is a want of elasticity in trade and a feeling of depression about the railways that bode no good for the immediate future. At the same time, it would be a mistake to exaggerate the force of the depression. It seems to amount to no more than the usual reaction.

To the outside observer the world of politics offers many a curious picture. Mr. Wason was Unionist member for Orkney, but not agreeing with Mr. Balfour's Education Bill he determined to resign and stand again as a member of the Opposition. He wished to come back to Parliament with a mandate from his constituents. To minds not biased by party prejudices it is a subject of curious speculation what value attaches to the opinion of the Orcadian islanders on an English Education Bill which, it is safe to say, very few Englishmen understand. But that is not the end of the comedy. Mr. Mackinnon Wood had previously been adopted as the Liberal candidate. He is a native of the islands, and a very strong-willed, determined specimen of the race, so he is going to challenge the opinion of the voters. Thus a battle is threatened between two men on the same side, and the query is, What will the result tell us in regard to the point raised by Mr. Wason? The situation might have been taken from one of Mr. Gilbert's operas.

Among the many objections urged against the Boer generals undertaking a political lecturing tour, the most substantial one appears to be that they are ignorant of any language except their own and (in the solitary case of General Botha) English. It would be difficult to rouse the enthusiasm even of German Anglophobes to white heat through the medium of an interpreter. The Dutch Prime Minister has given them the very good advice, now that they are members of the British Empire, to go home and make the best of it. Irreconcilables of the type of Reitz and Ley's may keep ill-feeling alive for a long time, but only by doing harm to themselves and their countrymen. They

must themselves be aware that the Continental Powers which could not interfere during the struggle are not in the slightest degree likely to do so now it is over. The Boers fought like men; let us hope that they will take a beating like men also.

The railway line, not very long opened, between Fort William and Mallaig, in the West of Scotland, already is a proved success. It is a success from more points of view than one. Passing beside Ben Nevis and running for many miles along the shores of Loch Eil, and later through Glenfinnan to Kinlochailort and so on, it opens up to very much easier access an exceedingly beautiful tract of country. That any extension in the West of Scotland should do so much almost seems inevitable. What might have seemed far less certain was the financial success of the extended portion. Even that base but important consideration also has been satisfied. Of course there is a considerable stream of tourist traffic and of movements to and from deer forests and shootings along the line at certain times of the year, but a more constant source of revenue is in the carriage of fresh fish, which the fishermen of the North-West of Scotland and of the islands find it much better to land and entrain at Mallaig than to send, as heretofore, by the roundabout way from Strome Ferry, or to take it south to Oban. And if this is a boon to the fishermen primarily, so also is it to all of us in the South who buy the fish thus sent by a shorter train journey and a quicker. By way of Glasgow, Fort William, and Mallaig is now far shorter and more pleasant for passengers to Skye or the Outer Hebrides than the weary old round by Inverness and Strome Ferry.

Doubtless it is a sign of advancing civilisation, but assuredly it is not an element in the picturesque effect, that in many of the most beautiful parts of the Highlands corrugated iron as a roofing material is steadily taking the place of the old thatch, whether of heather or straw. There is a singular incongruity in the effect of an iron roof resting on the walls of a crofter's cottage, but it is an incongruity often to be seen, and never to be seen without regret. The iron roof may have its advantages, but it hardly can be as warm as the thatch. It has this consideration, which is perchance in its favour—that a chimney becomes a thing of necessity in a roof of iron, and perhaps the peat reek to which the notorious J. C. B. takes such exception will be reduced in density when Harris cottages are covered in with iron instead of the thatch through which the smoke often has to percolate as best it may.

Our mammalia show fewer examples of vanishing species than our birds, but there are three in danger of extinction, viz., the wild cat, the pine-marten, and the polecat. All are extremely destructive in their nature, and that is probably the reason they have been reduced to the point of extinction. Nevertheless, it would be a matter for regret if they were allowed to die out altogether, and we sympathise with a plea for their preservation put forward by Mr. Ruskin Butterfield. It would not do to encourage beasts of prey in the best pheasant preserves, but there are many districts where they could exist without doing much harm, and our fauna is not so rich that we can afford to have it further diminished. Of the wild cat Mr. Butterfield says, "it still survives in the Highlands, and in a few places it is protected and appears to be holding its own." He does not therefore anticipate its speedy extirpation in Scotland. The marten has grown much rarer than the wild cat. He has not found much evidence for the statement that it is still fairly common in the Lake District. The polecat within living memory was quite common, but seems to be well represented only in Wales now. Individual effort is the only influence that can be appealed to with a fair chance of success.

It is gratifying to hear that there is such a demand for domestic servants in South Africa, and that so many are going out, but at the same time the class is that which we can least spare. The chance of earning forty, fifty, or sixty pounds a year and board, which appears to be the wages prevalent, offers a strong temptation to the cooks and housemaids. No doubt, too, they calculate that in a rapidly developing colony the chances of marriage are greater than in the Old Country. Here female labour is rapidly attaining a premium. Girls no longer care to undertake fieldwork. They used to prefer domestic service, now domestic service is in its turn looked at askance, and passed by either for the regular hours of the factory or the gentility of the shop. Our only alternative would seem to be to prepare boys for housework. This has already been attempted in a few households with conspicuous success. A well-trained boy can really do every part of a girl's work better than any maiden, and, as a rule, he is smarter, more attentive, and more punctual. We should like to hear tidings of a superior class of women—such, for instance, as get educated in Lady Warwick's hostel—being in demand in South Africa.

THE SONNING BRIDGES.

LAST week we expressed a hope that in the present number we might be able to show the plans of the Oxfordshire County Council for the rebuilding of the Sonning Bridges. This appeared to us an eminently fair thing to do. It is not our object in the slightest degree, any more than it is the object of Mr. Leslie or Mr. Holman Hunt, to be hostile to the County Council. Everyone recognises that the members are not chosen for their love of things old and beautiful, or for their zeal in preserving the charm of the river Thames. The majority are business men, thoroughly well-qualified to attend to the business affairs of the county, and at a first glance it would appear that they took a very business-like view indeed of this affair. The bridges are stated to be unfitted to bear the weight of the new traffic, though they have borne the ordinary traffic of the district for a century or more past. So the Oxfordshire County Council got their county surveyor and several of their members to look at the bridges, and then, without more ado, the committee recommended their destruction, or, at least, the removal of the existing wooden lengths and the substitution of iron piles and steel girders. But this is a case in which other considerations arise. The Oxfordshire County Council, qualified or not, besides having charge of affairs of business, are the custodians of many ancient buildings, and, as has been already pointed out, the charm of the Thames, to put it at the lowest, has a pecuniary interest for the county. At Sonning this charm is at its highest, river, bridge, and village combining into a most attractive scene. No doubt in the County Council there are many who recognise this as fully as we do—in fact, the decision was agreed to only by a bare majority of one, and this in the absence of many members—but the duty was neglected of seeing the plans before voting. Several attempts at defending the alterations have been made in the newspapers, but evidently there is some considerable reluctance to show the plans. They were not laid before the Council and we tried to



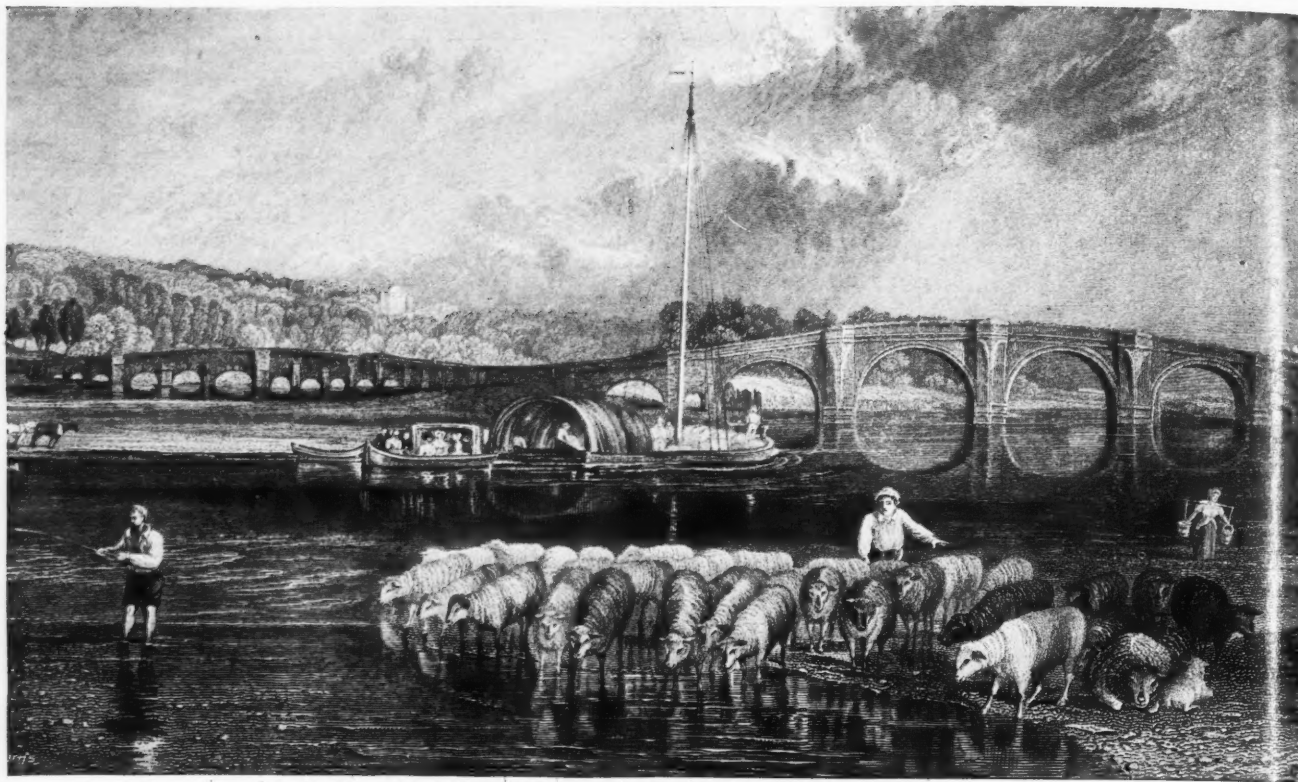
THE DESTROYED CASTLE EATON BRIDGE.

remedy that by offering to publish them in our pages. Letters asking permission were written respectively to the chairman and the county surveyor. Lord Valentia promptly replied that for his own part he was "most willing" to accede to our request, but several days passed without any answer from Mr. Tollit, and at last in response to an urgent telegram he wrote on September 11th, "Your application is entirely one for the Highways and Bridges Committee, and shall be referred to them at the first opportunity." As it is expected that the work will be well advanced by October 6th, this reads suspiciously like a polite refusal, since it would be idle mockery to publish the designs after the work gets started. If the County Council were really zealous to preserve the beauty of the Thames, they would have jumped at the offer. Should the designs be better than the description of them leads us to expect, to show them would be the most effective answer possible to all criticism. And if they are not suitable, it is to the advantage of the Council that this should be made plain. Our simple object is to save the river from being disfigured, and that is the object too of the distinguished men who have

written to the papers or taken less public steps to obviate the threatened vandalism. The Oxfordshire County Council will surely not neglect representations made to them by persons of authority and weight on the subject they speak of. To do so would be mere self-stultification. Nor is it possible to argue that apprehension is ill-grounded. What has happened before may happen again, and the modern bridges over the Thames are in very few cases worthy of the river. To show what has actually taken place before we reproduce an engraving of Old Walton Bridge, with its fine harmonious lines that delighted the artistic eye of Turner, and the cheap "lattice-work" treadmill thing put up in its place. By comparing our diagram of Sonning Bridge with Turner's picture, it will be seen how closely the two structures resemble one another just as if they had been erected by the same architect—an architect who thoroughly understood his Thames, and the bridge most suitable to it. The destruction



EASING BRIDGE SHOWING HANDRAIL.



DESTROYED BY THE LOCAL AUTHORITIES.

(Old Walton Bridge, from the Picture by J. W. Turner, R.A.)

of Walton Bridge is looked back on with universal regret; yet this shameful bit of history is in the way of getting itself repeated at Sonning. We admit that a bridge must be suitable to the traffic across it, but surely there is not the slightest necessity to make it hideous. Long ago, before the modern contractor was invented, bridges were built so substantially that they endured for centuries. It was perhaps a consequence of machinery coming so extensively into use that taste in the early Victorian era almost disappeared. You find it in dress just as much as in architecture. Lately there has come about an improvement, and the house that pleased the Victorian would not be tolerated to-day. But it has not got so far as the bridges or the Oxfordshire County Council yet, though it is safe to say that, if this project be insisted upon, the present members will create an evil memory of themselves as having been hopelessly behind their times. And it is not for the Thames only we plead. Elsewhere the same circumstances prevail, viz., a change in the nature of traffic and the threats of utilitarian local bodies. For, only to give one example, the Berwick Town Council has cast a threatening eye on the lovely old Border Bridge across the Tweed. A majority of one, as in Oxfordshire, may at any time elect to destroy what neither brains nor money can ever replace.

But it is open for the supporters of the County Council to say, as, indeed, has already been said, "Not one of the critics suggests how to have an old Roman bridge and keep faith with the users and be just to the county ratepayers. They don't offer anything except a cry of 'Wolf'!" In view of the fact that Mr. Holman Hunt went to the trouble of obtaining and publishing Mr. W. H. Thorpe's suggestions, this will not hold water. We have gone further, and commissioned Mr. E. L. Lutyens, an architect whose eminence in his art and fineness of taste will not be questioned by those entitled to judge, to draw up plans suitable

for adoption, and have now the pleasure to show them. Our first objection to the County Council plans, as described by Mr. Neighbour and others, is against the use of iron. Even from an economical point of view brick or stone is better than iron or steel. As our contemporary, the *Athenæum*, very truly says, "there is hardly any limit to the life of a brick or stone bridge, and as it is built so it remains with the small outlay required by occasional pointing, whereas an iron or steel bridge demands ceaseless vigilance in guarding against flaws or the perishing of parts, and ceaseless expense in painting to prevent corrosion." Nor is an iron bridge durable. Pat to the purpose, the writer quoted from cites the case of the oldest iron bridge in this country—that at Coalbrookdale in Shropshire—that has been worn out with 123 years of service. In contrast with this it is only necessary to think of the centuries during which the Border Bridge has rested on oak, of Venice built on wooden piles, of the railway viaducts built by Brunel over the Cornish valleys, and the wonderful way they lasted, or of the wooden railway bridge over the Thames at Wargrave replaced by the present hideous structure. A County Councillor wrote to the *Times* that the bridges still would be "light and elegant," but that is not what we require at all. For an iron bridge every line is bound to be hard and uncompromising, but if the right material were employed every piece would have its own individuality and character. The difference between the two

may be illustrated by the difference between the split oak rail suggested by Mr. Lutyens and the lattice girder of which Mr. Neighbour writes: "I do most positively affirm that on the only public pathway from which the bridges can be viewed the sole visible alteration will be the lattice girder." But who would not prefer such a railing as we show on Eashing Bridge to this said lattice girder?



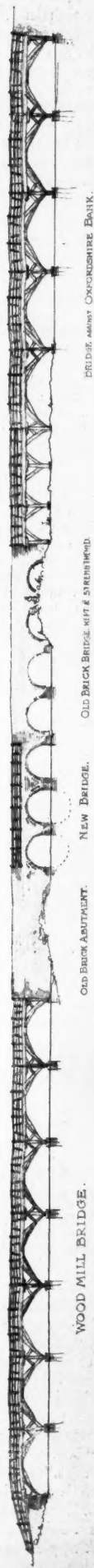
ERECTED BY THE LOCAL AUTHORITIES.

(New Walton Bridge.)

DIAGRAMS OF THE BRIDGES OVER THE THAMES AT SONNING.
TO SCALE OF 1/8 INCH TO 1 FOOT.
SEPTEMBER, 1902.



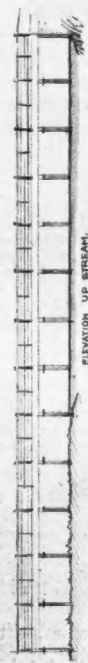
THE OLD BRICK BRIDGE, SONNING.



SONNING WOOD BRIDGES—MR. LUTYENS' SUGGESTED PLANS FOR REBUILDING.



THE MILL BRIDGE. THE SMALL WOOD BRIDGE & THE SMALL BRICK BRIDGE.

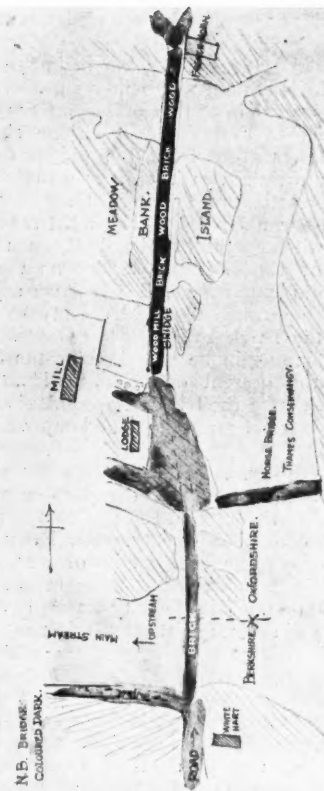


ELEVATION UP STREAM.

THE BRIDGE AT OXFORD SIDE.



THE BRIDGE.



SKETCH PLAN.

THE SONNING WOOD BRIDGES—PRESENT ELEVATION.

Mr. Neighbour writes that the lattice-work will only be seen from one point of view on the bank, but he seems to overlook the person on the bridge itself, who will see the tops in hideous and relentless perspective. The top line or parapet of the bridge is a very important one, and one of the great beauties of Sonning Bridge is its happy, dancing line of parapets, walls, and rails seen from the bridge itself. In itself this point condemns the iron girder, which simply murders beauty.

As the old bridge across the main stream is about 16ft. wide, it would be of no use to build a 24ft. bridge, unless, indeed, the County Council intend to pull down the brick bridge. Mr. Lutyens proposes that the Mill Bridge should be rebuilt in timber with bays about twice the width of the existing ones, seven bays altogether, each with its own camber, which would halve the obstruction to the water. Here there is no traffic. The next bridge he would build of brick between the two old brick abutments, with a split oak handrail, such as is seen in our illustration of Castle Eaton Bridge on the Upper Thames. It was very picturesque and (shall we say therefore?) was destroyed. Following that, Mr. Lutyens suggests that the bridge from the Brick Bridge to the Oxford bank should be of timber and here again he would make the bays about double the size of the present ones. There is no traffic in the water here, and he thinks the trifling impediments of wood piles, etc., would be a source of amusement and enjoyment rather than of embarrassment.

Needless to say, these suggestions are not put forward as the absolute best, but only for the purpose of showing that the bridges could be altered and fitted for modern traffic without destroying their beauty. We know how difficult it is for a public body to go back on its own resolutions, but in this case the decision was arrived at when minds were pre-occupied by the Coronation. The majority was only of one when thirty-three voted, and several of the most intelligent members of the Council, such as Lord Jersey, Lord Saye and Sele, and Sir W. Markby, protested against it. Further, the seventeen members who voted in the affirmative were not shown the proposed plans. They took all for granted, and did not act as though they realised that the amenity of the river is confided to them as a great trust which they should zealously look after. Yet public opinion, as far as it has been expressed, is the same as that of artists and architects, viz., that the erection of a bridge on steel girders would involve a hopeless vulgarisation of that part of the river. If they hold that this is not so, the least they can do is to publish the plans, so as to let us see exactly what their intention is. The only way left open is to make this appeal to the County Council, as the Thames Conservancy Board is practically powerless in the matter. But one would think that the beauty of the river would be safe in the hands of an Oxfordshire public body. The mistake they made in taking a hurried vote, before the members had material for arriving at a true conclusion, is one that might have happened anywhere, and it can easily be rectified without loss of prestige or dignity. As far as we know, the work of demolition has not yet begun, and it can at least be stayed till the question

has been thoroughly thrashed out. In this matter Oxfordshire might fairly be expected to set an example. The county is exceptionally rich in fine buildings, and the fact of the ancient University in its midst ought to ensure a reverential care of them. What would the world say if they pulled down Magdalen Bridge and set up a thing on steel girders? Yet the Sonning Bridges are just as much a public trust. At any rate, since so many are deeply interested in preserving the beauty of the bridge, it would be criminal to hurry its demolition. There is no immediate hurry. What is absolutely necessary in the way of repair could be done at a trifling cost, and nothing would be lost by a few months' deliberation.

ON THE GREEN.

A POOR fellow who does not belong to the Royal and Ancient Golf Club of St. Andrews, and almost certainly is not a townsman of that venerable city, writes a sad letter to the *Scotsman* saying that he cannot get a starting time, and hinting, at least so it would seem, at jobbery and corruption in the arrangements for starting. He is in a state of virtuous indignation at privileges which he supposes the members of the Royal and Ancient to enjoy illegally. I doubt their having such illegal privileges, and only wish they had; but even if they did enjoy them, this casual visitor—I take that to be a right description of him—might remember that the Royal and Ancient Club is at nearly, if not quite, the whole considerable expense of the up-keep of the links. The consideration might modify his indignation while leaving his virtue still intact. It appears that the number of golfers at St. Andrews this autumn is even greater than ever, which seems impossible. At North Berwick they are numerous enough, and the recent professional play there drew a large gallery, although the day was rather wild and windy. On the whole the hero of the occasion was Massy, who certainly has developed into a player second to none.

Friday, which was the day of the principal matches, was not a day for faultless play, and there was obvious occasion for many of those recoveries from difficulties that add so much to the interest of golf from the point of view of the man in the gallery. In the morning they had Taylor playing Sayers and Herd playing Massy, Herd fresh from a rather severe defeat by Vardon on some green near Birmingham. The arrangement gave a kind of local interest to both matches, for the North Berwick people have quite begun to look on Massy, whose home is at Biarritz, as one of themselves. The better play, so far as the scores show it, was done by Taylor and Sayers. Sayers seems to have been in his best putting form, and when his putting is good it is very good. He held Taylor hard all the way, and the match ended all square, with scores returned at 81 each. Massy just had the better of Herd, winning on the home green by a putt, but the scores of 87 for the winner and 88 the loser do not compare well with what Sayers and Taylor did. The local pair, so to speak of Sayers and Massy, had rather hard luck in not halving a foursome against the other two in the afternoon, for with the match all square and one to play, they did the last hole in three, which generally wins the hole, even in this high company, and ought never to lose it; but Herd drove on to the green and Taylor holed the putt, and so North Berwick lost by one—hard lines. Still, both Sayers and Massy had already done enough for glory. Mr. Norman Hunter did very well in a practice round with Taylor, on one of the earlier days of the week, winning fairly easily.

Mr. Ballingall is South of Ireland Champion, and Mr. Hilton (but that is an old story) three times champion of Ire and, "the alto ether." When will Ireland learn to win her own championship? Mr. Harold Reade looked like beating Mr. Hilton this time, and so too Mr. Bramston, but "looking like" is no good. It does not count.

HORACE HUTCHINSON.

THE SATINING JACKET.

By EVELYN E. RYND.

"WHAT is this I hear, Mrs. Mitchell?" demanded Mrs. Mitchell's district visitor, descending upon that old lady like a bolt out of the blue. It was on a Monday morning, when bolts out of the blue are more disturbing than at any other time, owing to the clouds that are already rising into the firmament from village washtubs.

Miss Welks' spectacles were firmly bridged upon a strong-minded nose that was built for spectacles, and her agitated orbs gleamed fiercely from behind them. But old Mrs. Mitchell was in no wise disturbed.

"Well, I really don't 'ardly know, miss, till you tells me, bless you," she said, with a cheerful smile, "an' then there won't be much use me tellin' you, will there?"

"I hear that Jacob intends to let you go to the workhouse," said Miss Welks, in tones of incredulous horror.

"E aint much choice, bless 'im," replied Jacob's old mother. "E'd keep me if 'e could."

"He's getting excellent wages," said Miss Welks.

"Well, it aint heggactly the wages, Miss Welks, mem," said old Mrs. Mitchell, thoughtfully. "E'll 'ave to pay a bit for me any'ow, pore chap."

"But the cottage is amply big enough to give you the little room you need, even when he brings his wife to it."

"An' it aint heggactly the cottidge neither," said Mrs.

Mitchell. "I don't take up much room, I sits quite 'appy in one corner 'alf the day. It's jus' the course of nacher, bless you, as Jacob ses."

"Course of nature!" burst forth Miss Welks, contemptuously. "Man's nature, if you like. It's the man! I knew it. It always is the man."

"You'd be nearer the mark if you said the woman this time," said old Mrs. Mitchell, placidly.

"You," ejaculated Miss Welks.

"Bless you, no, Miss Welks, mem," replied old Mrs. Mitchell, with a soft chuckle.

"Oh," said Miss Welks. "Well, no man should allow himself to be influenced so much by a woman," she added sternly, after a moment.

"Not when it's another woman," remarked old Mrs. Mitchell. "No, you're quite right there, Miss Welks, mem. I've noticed that."

"But you've no business to sit meekly under such treatment," said Miss Welks. "You should vindicate the rights of your sex, Mrs. Mitchell. It's intolerable."

The soft apple bloom in Mrs. Mitchell's cheeks again broke up into dimples.

As district visitors went, Miss Welks was rather a favourite than otherwise. At any rate, her district was accustomed to her. Most of the district visitors had special missions. Miss Welks

taught Woman's Rights based on Christianity; Miss Fortescue inculcated High Church doctrines drawn from the same source; Miss Rowley thought nothing could be clearer than the fact that the Scriptures held the Eastward Position to be the first position on the road to Rome; Miss Platt strenuously advocated secondary education and County Council classes from principles founded entirely on the Beatitudes; and a fifth young woman argued against large families with a directness that somewhat shocked the mothers, not on their account but hers, and firmly quoted St. Paul as an authority against having any families at all.

None of these things interfered with the intrinsic value of district visitors as soup channels, and, for the rest, they all strictly complied with the Vicar's earnest desire that in all arguments they should have the Bible at their backs.

"What I ses is," said old Mrs. Mitchell, brightly and benignantly, as one throwing the illumination of an entirely new suggestion upon the subject in hand, "let's be kind-earted to heach other! Life's 'ard enough without no cross words to make it 'arder."

"Unselfishness consists in fulfilling your duty to your neighbour to the last atom of the strength left in your body," said Miss Welks, emphatically. "It does not consist in allowing them to forget theirs to you."

"You can jog a mem'ry when there's one to jog, I grants you, miss," replied old Mrs. Mitchell; "but you only gets a nasty jar yourself if you 'its at somethink when there aint nothink."

She looked sweetly and patiently at Miss Welks, with a smile on her crinkled old face.

"There should be something," announced Miss Welks. A faint shadow gave sudden pathos to Mrs. Mitchell's smile; not the shadow of anything so conscious as a thought, but rather that of a dim feeling, gone before it could reach realisation:

"Ah, well, the 'should be's' is the business of the Lord Hallimighty," she said, her contented, humorous smile breaking forth again, "an' things as they is is ours. Likewise men as they is, bless 'em!"

"Bless 'em!" ejaculated Miss Welks, indignantly.

"Bless heverybody," said Mrs. Mitchell, firmly.

Miss Welks settled her spectacles tightly across her tight nose.

"I could refute that," she said.

"I don't doubt you could do hanythink with sech a wonderful 'ead as you've got, miss," replied Mrs. Mitchell, benignly. Whether she referred to Miss Welks's doubtless highly endowed brain, or to the wondrous flat headgear that, wrought in pink felt with long white hairs upon it, crowned Miss Welks's otherwise somewhat distressingly unendowed head, was not quite clear. Anyway, Miss Welks remained completely unsoftened.

"It's the man you've made yourself that you have to deal with, Mrs. Mitchell," she said.

"Ah! I always did well by 'im," said Mrs. Mitchell, happily. "Warm as to 'is skin, an' full as to 'is little hinside. 'E never 'ad no cause to complain, bless 'im."

"And now he's turning you into the workhouse!"

"Jusso," replied Mrs. Mitchell, thoughtfully, "hexcep' that there aint no turnin'! The course of nacher's always straight enough. 'As been sence 'e got 'isself engaged to Florrie May Day. But I don't complain. 'E's waited long enough afore 'e done it, an' 'e forty-seving if 'e's a day."

"The girl's a shameless, over-dressed hussey," said Miss Welks. "You ought to insist on a home being kept for you."

"The things as is give you because you insists on 'em aint no use to you from them you loves," said old Mrs. Mitchell. "You can get that kind from Govingment an' the pore-box. No, I'm 'old, an' Florrie's a 'andsome strappin' girl, give 'er 'er doo. It's the course of nacher. My 'usband's mother, as was a widder too, she 'ad to leave this cottidge when I come inter it as 'er son's wife. Only she 'ad luck, for she died afore they could take 'er orf to the 'ouse. An' now it's my turn. Well, I've 'ad me 'usband an' me children an' me bits of things with hany other woman in the villidge." She folded her worn old hands, crooked and gnarled with labour; and the clear old eyes, that had faced the difficult dispensations of a working woman's life for eighty years without loss of philosophy and kindness, smiled steadily upon her indignant visitor.

"An' it isn't as if I was goin' into the 'ouse like any common tramp, neither," she went on. "They'll know that when they sees me. I'm a-takin' me bits of things along with me, I am. That's where the 'ouse is better nor the grave."

She chuckled softly again.

"You go outer life as you come inter it, you do, but you can take your bits of things with you to the 'ouse, an' a woman's never that unbearable lonely while she still 'as 'em 'bout 'er. There's me mother's feather bonnit, an' me 'usband's grand-mother's fur-trimmed black sating jacket. Ah, what they'll say when they sees me a-walkin' up in that black sating jacket, I don't know! I don't suppose they horften sees sech a jacket as

that in the 'ouse. Why, the 'ole villidge 'as looked up to it for years!"

"I believe the rule is that you may not keep your own things in the workhouse," said Miss Welks, with a stiff puzzled glare at Mrs. Mitchell's illuminated face.

"Oh, they'll break the rule for a respectable body like me," said the old woman, cheerfully; "you won't find 'em takin' sech a jacket as that 'ere from no one in an 'urry, miss. Why, the stuff stan's alone it do, an' it a 'undred years old come nineteen 'undred an' five; they'll look up to hanyone as comes in with a jacket like that 'ere. Oh! there's always somethink to be glad on, whatever 'appings. I never frets meself much. Jacob, 'e often tells me what a blow it is to 'im to 'ave to let me go to the 'ouse, but I tells 'im not to trouble 'isself, bless 'im! It's the course of nacher. Let's make things as heasy for heach other as we can, ses I. Life's 'ard enough any'ow; that's what I ses."

"You're an altruist, Mrs. Mitchell," said Miss Welks, with bitter conviction.

"Dear me, miss," replied Mrs. Mitchell placidly.

"And I shall see Jacob myself and charge him with his ill-doing," continued Miss Welks, rising. "His selfish, mean, despicable, masculine ill-doing! Ah-h-h-h! man! Oh-h-h-h." She gurgled in her throat with rage, and stabbed the air with her umbrella.

"You'll find 'im quite respectful, miss," said Mrs. Mitchell, reassuringly. "'E always remembers 'is dooty to 'is betters, does my Jacob. An' 'ere 'e comes 'isself, bless 'im."

Miss Welks and Jacob met on the doorstep. Old Mrs. Mitchell awaited the issue with a twinkle in her china-blue eyes.

Jacob's eyes were furtive and watery, and his whiskers large and untidy. When he saw Miss Welks he turned his greasy hat slowly in his hands and gazed steadily at the sky. Miss Welks reddened with wrath at the mere sight of him.

"I am shocked," she said, wasting no time on preliminaries, "I am shocked and grieved beyond measure, Jacob, to hear of your intention with regard to your old mother."

"Yes, miss; thank you, miss," said Jacob, slowly. "So'm I, miss. I've told mother it won't do. 'Mother,' ses I to 'er, 'we can't manidge it. People is sayin' things as is mos' uncomfortable to me an' Florrie,' ses I, 'an' you mus' jus' stop on till we can put you away a bit quieter. If it's the Lord's will that you should be a burding to me an' Florrie,' ses I, 'why, it mus' be bore patient.'"

There was a moment's silence after this speech; then Miss Welks, her wide, astounded eyes fixed on Jacob, opened her mouth to speak. She opened it three times. Finally she departed without saying a word, not from lack of things to say, but from sheer excess.

"Now, mother, don't you forget what I told you," said Jacob, striding into the cottage. "I won't 'ave you goin' a-whinin' to no district visitors, an' so I tells you plain. Florrie and me's showed you clear enough what you got to do, an' you let me ketch you makin' a pore mouth about it in the villidge, that's all! D' y'ere? I don't care what people ses of theirselves, but I won't 'ave you a-goin' complainin'. I'll tell Florrie we mus' wait till we can get you orf quiet, but a man's got to think of 'is wife first. 'Tisn't as if I could 'elp meself."

"I 'ears, Jacob, bless you," replied his old mother, contentedly. "I'll make it hall right for you with Miss Welks an' heverybody else. Never you fear, me pore lad. They shan't say 'ard things of you if I can stop 'em."

Out at the back a few minutes later: "We've 'ad a rare talk, district visitor an' me," she said to her next-door neighbour, chuckling.

"I lay you give it 'er," said the next-door neighbour, admiringly.

"Oh, I give it 'er all right. Answerd all 'er speechis, bless you!"

"You've a 'ead on your shoulders, Mrs. Mitchell, for all they're hold ones."

Mrs. Mitchell chuckled again.

"I s'pose she got on about your leavin' 'ome?" enquired the neighbour, delicately.

"Ah, she did that," replied Mrs. Mitchell.

"It would make 'er a bit hangry," remarked the neighbour.

"I've 'eard it makes hothers hangry, too. Of course there's no denyin' as old folk can be a burding sometimes, but it isn't as if you could last very long, an' if you arks me, Mrs. Mitchell, it's my opinion that them 'eathings as bangs their aged parients on the 'ead aint nothin' to the Mitchells."

"Jacob wouldn't do it if 'e could 'elp 'isself, bless 'im," said Mrs. Mitchell. "An' it's me own choice. You can tell that to hanyone you 'ears b'askin' about it. Me 'usband's mother an' gran'mother did it afore me, an' I never heggpected nothin' different. It's the course of nacher. It isn't as if I was goin' in like any common tramp, neither. An' as for Miss Welks, she's what they calls strong-minded, bless 'er. That sorts' hallways a little silly. Only sees 'alf of what she looks at, like a person

with the bilious 'eadache. Florrie an' Jacob's as kind as can be to me, an' I'm takin' all my bits of things in with me, I am."

Jacob in love was not a pleasing sight, but his mother thought his exhibition of himself in that condition a vision more beautiful than words could say. When he and Florrie May Day were disporting themselves amorously in the cottage she would watch their heavy gambols from her corner with a smile that was the only attractive thing in the place at the moment.

But that Monday night Florrie May Day would not gambol. She flounced hysterically into the cottage on her return from her walk with Jacob, and her face instantly caused a look of anxiety on Mrs. Mitchell's.

"Is hanythink wrong, me dear?" she asked, timidly, as Jacob, with a countenance of portentous gloom, followed Florrie May Day in, and sat down, not very near her, but evidently as near as he dared, his furtive eyes seeking hers hungrily the while.

"It's a very 'ard thing when a man can't do as 'e likes with 'is own family," said Jacob, sullenly; "that's what's wrong."

Florrie May Day tossed her head and breathed heavily.

"That can't be what's wrong with Florrie, bless 'er," said his mother, returning to cheerfulness with a little chuckle, "'cos she's chose a man as can."

"Florrie aint so sure of that," said the damsel, with great bitterness. "Jacob's jus' been sayin' as 'ow I aint to 'ave the place to meself till weeks arter we're married, an' I've 'ad about enough of it, I can tell you."

"Come, now, Florrie darlin'," said Jacob anxiously; "I've told you mother shall go as soon as hever you please. I can't do more. An' she knows what she 'as to heggspec' if she makes a pore mouth over it in the villidge," he added, with a fierce glance at his mother.

"Oh! I dessay," said Florrie; "you 'old your tongue with your darlin's. It's time your mother knowed what I 'as to bear."

"It can't be nothin' to do with me, Florrie May Day," said Mrs. Mitchell, with dignity; then, catching herself up, "but what I ses is, let's be kind to heach hother. Come, Florrie, tell me what's wrong."

"They're a-sayin' 'orrid things of me an' Jacob in the villidge," burst out Florrie; "things as ought for to be stopped. It's a crooil shame to cast a shadder over a girl's marridge like that 'ere. An' as it's your doin', I think you bought for to stop it, Mrs. Mitchell."

"My doine!" repeated Mrs. Mitchell, in a dazed way.

"Of course it's your doin', mother, an' I don' wonder as 'ow Florrie takes it 'ard," said Jacob, sympathetically, edging nearer Florrie May Day as he spoke.

"As if it was natchrall a young woman should want 'er mother-in-law halways a-settin' aroun'," said Florrie, tapping an hysterical foot on the floor. "The place is a poky little 'ole enough for two, 'eving knows. An' p'r'aps there won't halways be honly two," she added, with an involuntary giggle.

"'Ullo!" said Jacob brightly, edging still nearer.

"Get away!" said Florence. "Don' you come no nearer; I aint done yet. Jacob's been tellin' me what Miss Welks has been sayin' to 'im, Mrs. Mitchell, an' I'd like to know 'ow she'd ever 'a' come to think that if you 'adn't told it 'er? A-makin' out as I'm drivin' you to the 'ouse!"

"I never, Florrie May Day!" said Mrs. Mitchell, with a gasp.

"You must 'ave," said Jacob; "'ow else would people be a-sayin' of the things they 'are a-sayin' of? It's no use your denyin' of it. Arter all I sed to you, you've bin makin' a pore mouth about it in the villidge."

"It's a selfish thing to go an' do, a-spoilin' a girl's chances like that 'ere," cried Florrie, bursting into furious sobs. "Get away, Jacob! I've had enough of it."

She had already, during their walk, worked the man to a pitch of anxious exasperation; and now the sight of her enraged weeping, which she would not let him soothe, maddened him. He turned suddenly upon his old mother.

"I've 'ad enough of it, too!" he said with an oath. "Whatever they ses in the villidge, you'll get out of this to-morrer. D' y'ere? I'll not 'ave Florrie badgered no more. An' don' you take none of the things as belongs to me, neither. Florrie wants that black sating jacket."

A cry rang through the cottage—a cry such as had not been heard under its roof before, even in the turning out of former superseded generations. It startled the worthy pair.

"'Ush, Jacob!" said Florrie, hurriedly. "Don' be too rough with 'er. It's all right, Mrs. Mitchell. You won' 'ave to go to-morrer—there is no sech 'urry as that. 'E doesn't mean what 'e ses. But you drives us to be 'ard when we don' want to be."

Mrs. Mitchell looked at her with eyes of shocked terror.

"I—carn—give—up—me—black sating!" she gasped. All the colour had faded from her face.

"But it won't be no use to you where you're a-goin'," said Florrie, persuasively. "Will it, Jacob? Now do take it quiet, Mrs. Mitchell."

"Of course it won't," said Jacob. "Anyway, Florrie's got to 'ave it before Friday. We're goin' up to London the day afore our weddin'."

"It aint no good to me as it is, you see," said Florrie; "but I could get it cut down an' made fash'nable before Friday, if I 'ad it to-morrer. An' the fur's a good piece."

"What am I—to go up—to the 'ouse in, Jacob?" said Mrs. Mitchell. She removed her gaze from Florrie, now that she had partially recovered from the first awful shock. Her pitiful eyes were fixed upon her son.

"Why, hanythink does to go up to the 'ouse in," said Florrie, with a loud laugh. "You don' need Sunday bests in the 'ouse."

"They'll never think nothink of me if I don' go up in the black sating, Jacob," said Mrs. Mitchell, her voice failing. "I'm rather countin' on it for to 'elp me through, I am. Perraps you didn't know, Jacob, as I was doin' that?"

"'Ark at 'er," said Florrie; "the old thing's silly! Why, they won't let you keep it ef you does go up in it. You'll 'ave to wear what they hall wears."

"I heggspec' they'd break the rule a bit for sech as me, Jacob," said Mrs. Mitchell, with trembling eagerness and an attempt at a smile. "I've always 'eld me 'ead 'igh, an' they'd see that if I 'ad me jacket. It 'ud make all the difference. Let me keep it, Jacob. It'll come to Florrie soon enough, bless 'er, though I don' heggspec' she'd ever really 'ave the 'art to go an' cut it down. It's jus' as your great-grandmother wore it, Jacob. But it'll come to Florrie soon enough. I sha'n't las' long!"

At this Florrie May Day burst anew into tears.

"It's a selfish, crooil thing not to let me 'ave it now!" she sobbed loudly. "Refusin' me a little thing like that as is mine by rights halready, me bein' as good as Jacob's wife. People oughter be ashamed on themselves, they ought, a-carin' 'ow they looks when they're nearly in their graveses. It's a pore enough marridge, hanyway, for sech as me, an' many's the time me friends 'as said so. It 'ud serve heveryone right if I broke it off, it would!"

"I can't go to the 'ouse without me black sating jacket, Jacob!" gasped Mrs. Mitchell, her white old face working as she saw his inflaming under the girl's words. "I don' mind goin' in like a lydy. It isn't for the looks of the thing honly. I won't make no fuss, Jacob. I've told heveryone it's me choice, an' I knows it's the course of nacher. But I can't go in like any common tramp. You an' Florrie bein' that kind——"

From the roar of vindictive fury with which Jacob turned upon his mother, even Florrie May Day shrank. But Mrs. Mitchell did not. She had married the man who had turned his mother out for her, and Jacob's rage was no revelation to his father's wife. Blows had mattered little when lesser issues than this were at stake. She kept her agonised eyes upon his lips, and did not so much as glance at his raised arm.

"Jacob!" screamed Florrie. Jacob's arm fell.

"Get out of this afore I 'its you!" he hissed.

"I'm a-goin' this minit, Jacob," said his mother. "If I could 'ave the black sating jacket——"

It was Florrie May Day who sprang between the mother and son.

"If you touches 'er, Jacob," she gasped, "I'll break with you for hever. Come up to your room this hinstan, Mrs. Mitchell, afore you drives 'im to kill you."

She would have been a wise woman had she paused to consider what argument she would use against his fury in the days when she could not "break with him," and when the virtue of the one threat that curbs a brute would be hers to use no longer.

From the boards of her bedroom floor, upon which her trembling limbs had sought the nearest relief when the door closed upon her, old Mrs. Mitchell heard the reconciliation and the ensuing boisterous love-making that took place in the room below. An hour later she heard Jacob letting Florrie out and the loud kisses and giggling pushes of their farewells violating the sanctity of the quiet night.

Her son's steady snoring had long been shaking the cottage when his old mother at last got up from the floor, and crept slowly into her bed. From thence she gazed at the darkness, the same look in her unseeing eyes as that with which she had stared at Florrie, while the latter was half-pushing, half-dragging her up the narrow stair to her room.

Midnight found her gazing still. The shaken old nerves and limbs were too near demanding their final rest to care to take further ease in life. She heard the clock strike the hours through the night. Its notes came from the old church tower under which she had passed to her confirmation, her wedding, the baptisms of her two babies, her husband's funeral. How silent the valley was before and after its slow strokes!

It had measured her life for her, that clock—from the days of her own school-hours to her children's! She remembered the night before the birth of her eldest child sixty years ago—how

she had lain awake in her youth and fear, while the clock counted out the slow hours of her pain, till it had struck the hour of the dawn of the day and the end of her travail. The child had slept for fifty years in the churchyard across the road. "If she 'ad lived, I might 'ave 'ad someone to go to," the old mother thought, remembering with a dull wonder the anguish and the joy of that young mother half a century before.

As the clock struck two, a thrush in the elm in the churchyard suddenly gave forth a long thrilling call. Every spring a thrush sang in that elm, and was the first to awake in the valley. The old woman left her bed, and dressed herself completely and carefully. She took her mother's bonnet and the black satin jacket from their tissue paper and put them on. When she went noiselessly out on her wavering old feet into the morning, its first soft greyness was stealing over the earth, so sweet, so cold, so wild. The old eyes looked at the young day.

Beyond the church lay the flat fields and the hills that closed the valley to the north, and the clear steady chalk stream flowing to the Darent.

She passed the west door in the great buttressed tower. The tower had stood eight hundred years, and the hands that had built it were the dust of seven centuries' blowing. The old

woman went by it without a glance. There was no thought in her mind; her eyes still stared dazedly ahead of her. The hope and heart that had not failed for eighty years were gone. She was escaping.

She came to the stream rippling deeply between its reed-grown banks.

By the time she reached it, the day had fully broken. Over the Chart Woods on the other side of the valley the sun was sending shafts of light through the now swiftly moving mists. The clouds in the high arch of the sky had caught the cold rose-colour of the day's rising. The cocks were crowing, and the sleepers turning in their beds. The thrush in the churchyard elm was no longer singing alone; from the whole valley rose a chorus jubilant.

Eighty years of dawn and eventide in the Kentish valley—

"A nastier, slyer, meaner thing I never 'eard," wailed Florrie May Day, "though she was your mother! To go a-castin' sech a gloom over a pore girl's marridge! An' the jacket's ruinged. She might 'a' left that be'ind 'er. It'll never be no use to me now."

"We needn't tell no one nothink about the sating jacket," said Jacob, with white lips.

PHOTOGRAPHING SPOONBILLS.

TWO hundred years ago, when the aspect of this country was very different from what we are accustomed to at the present day, these fine birds

were plentiful, and nested in suitable localities, not only in the Broad district, but also in the more southern counties and even in the near neighbourhood of London itself. Nowadays, though the spoonbill still visits us annually in small numbers, its breeding-places are—with the exception of two marshes or "meers" in Holland, where it is carefully protected—restricted to the Southern Countries of Europe, its chief resorts being the marshy wastes towards the mouths of the great rivers, the Guadalquivir and the Danube, where it still finds the solitude and quietness so essential to its habits.

Here, in some remote lagoon, surrounded on all sides by miles of flooded river and impenetrable swamps, it builds a bulky platform of sere and yellow reeds on a foundation of sticks, either amid the reeds and just raised above the surface of the water, or in the branches of low trees. The eggs are a dirty white splashed with rusty red-coloured markings, are very variable in shape, some of them being as round as a

kite's egg and others of a very elongated appearance, and are usually three or four in number. I have, however, seen

six, and even seven, eggs in a nest, though whether these were the produce of one or two hens it is, of course, impossible to say with any certainty.

Spoonbills nest in small colonies, the nests being fairly close together, and the effluvium from them is something to be remembered. The naturalist desirous of penetrating these swamps to observe the inner life of cormorants, spoonbills, and herons needs to have a strong stomach and plenty of enthusiasm. Besides the strong and foetid smell proceeding from the nests and surrounding reeds, the stagnant water covered with a greenish scum becomes quite tepid under the broiling sun and stinks abominably, and every plunge with the punt-pole and every step of the wader liberates a fresh instalment of evil-smelling gases evolved from the rotting vegetable matter contained in the muddy bottom.

Amid such delightful surroundings I have several times remained in ambush more than waist-deep in mud and water and covered over with reeds for four and five



R. B. Lodge.

AMONG THE REEDS.

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hours at a stretch; and I must confess that, apart from the stench and cramping discomfort of my position, the situation has been most enjoyable and interesting, the sight of these majestic birds "at home," amid such picturesque scenes, being ample compensation for any olfactory unpleasantness.

For hours after the disturbance the birds circle round and round, flying strongly, with legs and neck outstretched, and looking very white against the bright blue sky. At last they begin to fly lower, until some of them skim along just above the reed tops, and sometimes lower their legs as if about to alight, but some considerable time elapses before they summon up confidence to do so, and then it is the more distant nests and those hidden among the tallest reeds which become first tenanted.

Through the reeds on one occasion in the South of Spain about a dozen spoonbills could be seen on their nests around, but not one could be successfully photographed owing to the intervening reeds, which not only partially hid the birds, but were blown about by an extremely high wind. Some weeks afterwards another attempt was made at one of the Dutch localities referred to, and here, after waiting five hours, two plates were exposed on a pair of adult spoonbills standing side by side on their nest against a background of waving reeds. Surely it was reasonable to suppose that success had been at last achieved, but on reaching home development of the plates proved them to be fogged and useless. Such are some of the uncertainties of bird photography.

Last year still another attempt was made in Holland, and at last the adult spoonbills were successfully photographed on their nest with their half-grown young ones around them. Sitting in the water, covered over with reeds, about five yards from their nest, a fine view was obtained of the parent spoonbills alighting with a tremendous flapping of great white wings, and the young were observed feeding like young pigeons, inserting their heads into the old bird's beak and feeding from the half-digested food in the crop, a most interesting sight, and one which, it is safe to say, has been actually witnessed by very few.

The name of the bird in most European languages—spoonbill in English, spatule and espatula in French and



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CLAMOURING FOR FOOD.

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Spanish, and lepelaar in Dutch—bears witness to the extraordinary form of its beak.

R. B. L.

IN THE GARDEN.

THE NERINES—BEAUTIFUL AUTUMN FLOWERS.

IT is strange that such a beautiful family as this should be so much neglected in gardens. They have not the bold flowers of their first cousins, Hippeastrums, but are quite as interesting, and are also more easily managed. Their cost is much less, and, besides, Nerines flower at a time when they are a relief from the glaring Chrysanthemum, with its endless monotonous forms. There is a somewhat mistaken impression that Nerines when imported only flower once, which is certainly not the case if properly treated; in fact, our experience is that the longer they are under proper culture the better they bloom. Nearly all the Nerines inhabit the subtropical or temperate part of South Africa, and will succeed in a greenhouse. Repotting if required can, of course, only be done, the same as replanting, when quite dormant, although a Nerine may with care be transplanted when in full growth so long as it is not disturbed too much at the root. The best soil is a mixture of meadow loam, leaf-mould, and coarse silver sand, but if too rich Nerines will produce splendid foliage at the expense of flowers. If healthy, Nerines should be left undisturbed, either planted out or in pots, for a number of years without either interfering with the old bulbs or young ones. Some years ago Baron Schröder used to send a number of 8in. or 10in. pots with Nerine Fothergilli major to the various flower shows. The bulbs were in large compact clumps, large and small ones being intergrown. Many of the bulbs had so overgrown the pot sideways as to almost hide it. These had many flower stems. We feel sure those who saw these Nerines desired to begin their culture. Judging by the number of bulbs, these specimens had probably not been disturbed for perhaps six years or more; in fact, the two most important points in successful Nerine culture are, first, moisture, with as much light as possible while growing, then proper ripening or drying off and somewhat starving treatment when dormant. It must be borne in mind that they are almost hardy, and require no heat, unless the weather is very cold and frosty, when grown in pots; just keep them from freezing. Treated as stove plants they usually grow unhealthy and ultimately dwindle away. With the great improvement in the colour, shape, and size of the flower through intercrossing, very few of the wild forms are now grown, especially as the hybrids usually bloom freely later and are more robust in growth.

The Guernsey Lily.—The strongest and most desirable species are the following: Nerine sarniensis, or the true Guernsey Lily, so called because it was formerly plentiful in Guernsey, but unfortunately is now almost extinct in the Channel Islands. The leaves, which appear after flowering, attain their full length in January or February, and are deep green, about 6in. to 9in. long and 3in. to 1in. broad. The flowers are produced in large umbels (on stems about 18in. high), are bright crimson-purple in colour, and have slightly wavy segments and erect red filaments. Evidently a native of the Cape introduced to Guernsey. It is rarely imported true from the Cape. It was formerly very common, but is now quite rare, being usually the first to flower. It continues in beauty from the end of August till October.

N. Plantii, evidently a garden form, has purple flowers. It blooms in October and November.

N. Fothergilli major, with its long, broad glaucous foliage, tall stems, and large umbels of bright scarlet flowers, is one of the most handsome. The scarlet flowers when seen in a good light shine as if covered with innumerable crystals. It flowers in October and November. The forms Fothergilli and venusta are less distinct, and have smaller and paler flowers.

N. cornuca is a small-growing plant both in foliage and flower, the latter being very graceful and of scarlet colouring; it is in beauty in October.



R. B. Lodge.

YOUNG SPOONBILLS.

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N. pudica is the smallest of this genus, with dark green leaves about 4 in. long and 1 in. broad. The stems have few flowers, but these are either pendulous or horizontal, with segments barely reflexed, rather long and broad, white tinged rose. It flowers in October and November.

N. crispa is a very pretty Nerine, with narrow and wavy rose petals. It is very free both in flower and growth. There are other forms, but these are amongst the most serviceable to the beginner.

AUTUMN TINTS ON TREE AND SHRUB.

Some of the most striking trees and shrubs for their leaf tints may be interesting to the intending planter, as most of them are valuable in other respects besides their autumn colouring. Foremost of all stands *Rhus cotinoides*, a North American plant somewhat similar to the Wig Tree or Smoke Tree (*Rhus Cotinus*). The mingled yellow, orange, and scarlet colours of this plant make it one of the most valuable of shrubs for a border, but it is as yet rather scarce, and not a very fast grower. *Rhus glabra* and *R. typhina* turn to a deep scarlet; and *R. trichocarpa*, a rare Japanese species, takes on a mantle of vivid orange-scarlet, which will be sufficient to ensure its popularity when it is better known.

Amelanchier canadensis (the June, or Service, Berry) changes to a deep bronzy red colour in the autumn, which is very attractive when touched by the rays of the sun. Of Maples, *Acer rubrum* (the Red Maple), which derives its specific name from the red colour of its flowers, turns to a bright yellow, mingled with touches of scarlet; *A. circinatum* changes to orange and crimson, and is a most striking and handsome plant; *A. platanoides* (the Norway Maple) turns bright yellow; while *A. palmatum* and its varieties are a perfect blaze of crimson, scarlet, and orange in the autumn.

Corya porcina (the Pig Nut) and *C. tomentosa* change to a beautiful golden yellow, which, with their large, handsome foliage and great size, render them two of the most effective of heavy trees. *Pyrus arbutifolia* and *P. nigra*, with their colouring of deep bronze crimson, are both worthy of a good position in the garden, as, in addition to their autumn tints, they are very useful and attractive dwarf shrubs.

Quercus coccinea (the Scarlet Oak) is usually a glorious sight, with its colouring of intense scarlet, which has the same effect whether the day be sunny or dull, variations of weather seeming to have no power to alter the appearance of this noble and beautiful tree. Most of the North American *Vacciniums*, notably *V. corymbosum*, turn to a brilliant scarlet in the autumn, which is very attractive, and is alone sufficient reason for the introduction of these plants into the garden. The hardy *Azaleas* must not be forgotten at this season, their bold colourings of bronze, old gold, copper, and yellow being very pretty in late October and November.

The list might be prolonged, but enough perhaps have been given to show how, by judicious planting, an autumnal display may be obtained which is little, if at all, inferior to that seen at other seasons.

THREE BEAUTIFUL SHRUBS.

Andromeda floribunda.—In the spring nothing makes a better show in the garden than a well-grown plant of this old favourite, with its multitude of spikes of white flowers set off by the dark green leaves. It is a native of the Southern United States, and is usually a rounded bush 2 ft. to 3 ft. high, and of about the same diameter, but old plants are sometimes nearly 6 ft. high, and broad in proportion. It can be propagated by layering, and the strong basal shoots which are thrown up by a plant that has been layered are the ones which produce the finest flowers. On ordinary plants the spikes are produced in terminal clusters of from four to six, and each will be about 2 in. long; but on a young, healthy shoot the number of flower-spikes will be twice as numerous, and up to 4 ft. in length. *A. floribunda* is not a good town plant as a rule, the smoke, dust, and fog probably not being agreeable to it, but away from the influences of these it can be grown by anyone who gives it a suitable position. An ideal place is one which is partially shaded from the sun and yet is fully open to the light, with a cool, moist, peaty soil to grow in, its roots shaded from the rays of the sun, which can be obtained by planting it thickly so that the plants will shade each other, or a mulching of spent manure or cocoa-nut fibre may be given.

Andromeda japonica.—This does not seem such a general favourite as *A. floribunda*, but when well grown it is quite as pretty, and flowers very freely. The small plants usually seen of it give no idea of its beauty when it has attained a height of 5 ft. or 6 ft. The masses of flowers on some of our larger specimens almost hide the remainder of the plants, and are particularly welcome at this time of the year, when so few flowers are available, and, in addition, they are not affected by the sharp frosts usually experienced in the early spring. The drooping character of the inflorescence does not permit the full beauty of the flowers to be seen when on the plant, but in a cut state they are seen at their best, and can be associated with any flowers that may happen to be in season. *A. japonica* is of an upright bushy habit, with lanceolate rugose leaves, which are dark shining green above and paler beneath. The young growths usually have a bright reddish tint. It likes a cool moist position, and is very partial to peat and leaf-mould. A half-shaded position, but one where it has plenty of light, suits it admirably, the best plants we have ever seen of it being amongst some large *Rhododendrons*, which shade them during the hottest parts of the day, while not obstructing the light. It is easily raised from seed, which is freely produced, and is ripe about midwinter.

Olearia Haastii.—This handsome New Zealand shrub is becoming more popular every year, and deservedly so, as it is easily grown, and being of compact habit is very suitable for the front of a shrubbery or for planting in beds. It comes into flower in August and lasts a long time in bloom, followed later by the fluffy heads of seeds, which, however, soon turn to a dingy hue. The small white flowers appear in axillary corymbs near the points of the shoots, and are produced so freely as to completely cover the plant. Occasionally a cluster of flowers is produced terminally, but, as a rule, the point of the shoot continues growing. It does well in a moderately dry, sandy soil, though it is not at all particular in this respect, provided the ground is well drained and the plant fully exposed to the sun. We have never seen this *Olearia* used in beds in conjunction with *Liliums*, in the same way that *Rhododendrons* sometimes are, but we think it would be a good plant for those *Liliums* which require a different soil to that usually given to *Rhododendrons*. The *Olearia* would serve the purpose of protection from spring frosts, and, in addition, would not grow so thick as to smother the *Liliums* before they could get up into the light and air above. It is a fairly cheap plant to buy, and is easily propagated by cuttings taken at almost any time of the year, at least 75 per cent. striking outdoors in the winter-time.

SINGLE AND HALF-DOUBLE ROSES IN AUTUMN.

Single and half-double Roses are always interesting, more so in June than in autumn, but some of the most beautiful varieties are most perfect at this season. At this later period one must unstintingly give first place to *Barbeau* Job, with its great velvety scarlet flowers containing about three rows of huge shell-like petals, and there is another and older Rose that is worthy of second honours, this being *Gloire des Rosomanes*.

Two single Teas of recent introduction are *Irish Glory* and *Irish Beauty*. The bowls full of the former as shown at the Temple gave promise of its usefulness for table decoration, and as an autumn Rose it is also very lovely. So also are the pure white flowers of the latter. They appear, when gathered, like large blooms of *Anemone japonica* alba, except that the stamens are more golden. There is a future for single Tea Roses. They have no rivals in autumn, and the colours have a wide range.

Take, for instance, the exquisite variety *Miss Wilmott*. It is like *L'Idéal* in colour, but the flowers are small and cupped. *Paul's Single White* is worthy of a place in every collection, but should be grown upon a larch pole or a stump of a tree. It also makes a graceful half weeper. Although classed as a Hybrid Perpetual, there is surely a considerable amount of *Noisette* blood in the variety.

Rose Pissardii, a semi-double variety belonging apparently to *R. moschata*, is a beautiful autumnal; in fact, it seems to be as perpetual as any Rose we have, and would be a first-rate type to experiment upon.

The two single Japanese Roses, *rosea* and *alba*, together with the novelty *atropurpurea* (this last of the colour of the H.P. Crown Prince), are strangely beautiful when combining blossom and ripened fruit upon the same bush. More especially does this apply to *R. rugosa* alba.

R. macartney alba simplex, with its neat and pretty foliage and pure white flowers, is never so beautiful as when covering a low wall in front of a greenhouse or dwelling-house window, but it requires care to bring it through the winter.

Turning to semi-double Roses, one could really include here a large number of Tea-scented kinds, but the following are exceedingly beautiful: *Ma Tulipe*, deep petalled like a big crimson Tulip; *Princess Bonnie*,

probably related to the latter, and without a doubt one of the sweetest Roses grown; *Yvonne Gravier*, a Rose of ethereal beauty, with *Marquise de Vivenes* as a worthy companion. *Meta* and *Beryl* should be grouped here, we think, and if one judged these by their colours they would take a high place. *Sulphurea*, too, is a charming Rose of palest sulphur yellow, a beautiful contrast to *Corallina*, the one with purple foliage and the other bright amber.

Among so-called climbers, semi-double Roses are represented by *Mme. Marie Lavalley*, *Gustave Regis*, *L'Idéal*, and *Noella Nabonnand*; all are good and almost equal in beauty, so much so as to make it a task to particularise.

For bedding, *Marquise de Salisbury* still maintains its position as a brilliant variety for the purpose, and for a like purpose the ever lovely and ever blooming *Chinas*, such as *Mme. Laurette Messimy*, *Mme. Eugene Resal*, *Fabvier*, and *Queen Mab* can be named.

A GARDEN OF LILIES.

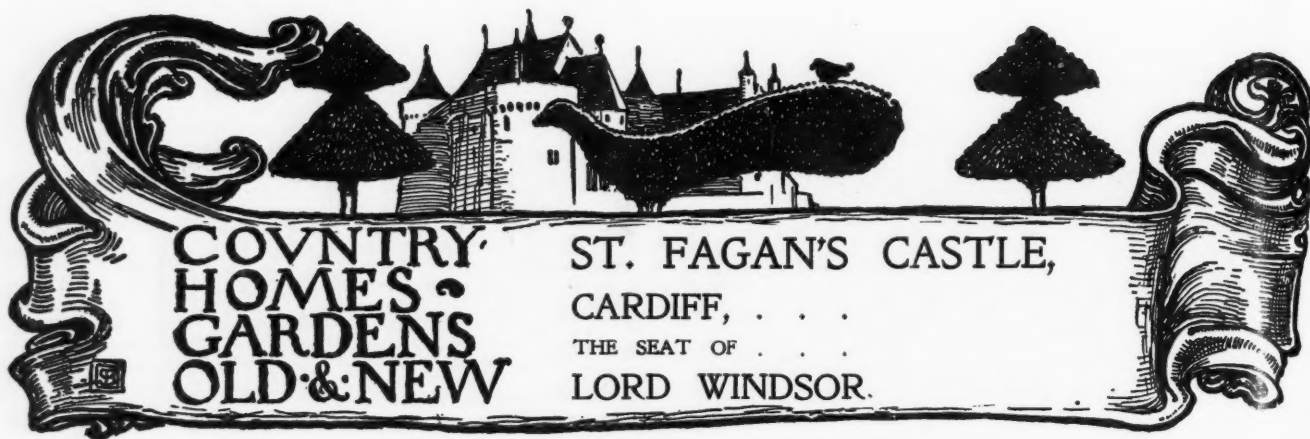
"R." writes: "Lilies are a great success with me this year. My garden is full of them. *L. Henryi* is 6 ft. high, and each stem bears between twenty and thirty of those apricot yellow flowers which I look forward to eagerly every summer. This Lily is too well known to describe. *L. auratum virginale* is very beautiful amongst some *Kalmias*, and of *Melpomene* I have a group of fifty, happily without disease. My border of *L. candidum* went off suddenly. I quite believe your statement that the failure of this Lily may be attributed to frost. The bulbs are quite healthy. *L. tigrinum splendens* is beginning to open. It is one of the best of all Lilies and rarely fails. A group of thirty bulbs is a superb picture. I have also *L. speciosum*, and the white variety in beds of low-growing shrubs. Lilies always seem most happy in beds; the stems get some protection in spring."



Miss Alice Hughes.

52, Gower Street.

THE HON. MRS. CECIL BINGHAM & CHILD.



THE picturesque Welsh village of St. Fagan's, lying upon the river Ely, not far from ancient Llandaff, takes its name from the saint to whom the quaint old Norman and Decorated church there is dedicated. Tradition alleges that the good man arrived in Britain about the year 180 in order to preach the Gospel, and that he founded a church in the Ely valley, of which the existing structure is the successor. The village of St. Fagan's, with its many quaint, old-fashioned thatch-roofed cottages, its Tudor gabled mansion, and its interesting church, almost hidden among spreading trees, is one of the most charming and pleasing

in that part of the Principality. Its attraction for us, as for many who go that way, lies in Lord Windsor's beautiful seat, the castle of St. Fagan, which, though not of imposing grandeur indeed, nor invested with great stateliness, possesses, in its hoary walls and many gables, its ancient features, and its Tudor embellishments, a character which we love to find in the old houses of the land.

The oldest portion of the remains probably dates from the thirteenth century, indicating the existence of a strongly fortified dwelling-place, commanding the neck of the Ely valley, and standing in an important position in the country. This castle, which has left features of interest in our garden pictures, and of value in the garden plan, not improbably suffered the fate of other castellated houses occupied by the partisans of Henry IV. after the rising of Owen Glyndwr, or Glendower, a descendant of the native princes, who had been encouraged by the weakness of England to shake off the yoke of the conqueror. A large part of South Wales rallied to the cause, and not a few castles occupied by the partisans of Henry were visited with fire and sword. If this happened to St. Fagan's, it underwent reconstruction later on, as is proved by Rice Merrick's reference to it, in 1578, as one of the castles near the "frontiers of the mountaynes." Its owner at the time was one John Gabon, a doctor of the law, and it seems probable that the manor house was built about that date. It possesses the gables, mullioned windows, and chimneys rising unabashed, which we associate with Tudor days. A bold and impressive grouping of features it makes, standing on the crest of the hill, and looks, from its many windows and its ancient embattled walls, over the lovely gardens which lie upon the slope and in the valley to the landscape beyond. The position is very advantageous, and has lent itself extremely well to the formation of the gardens we depict.

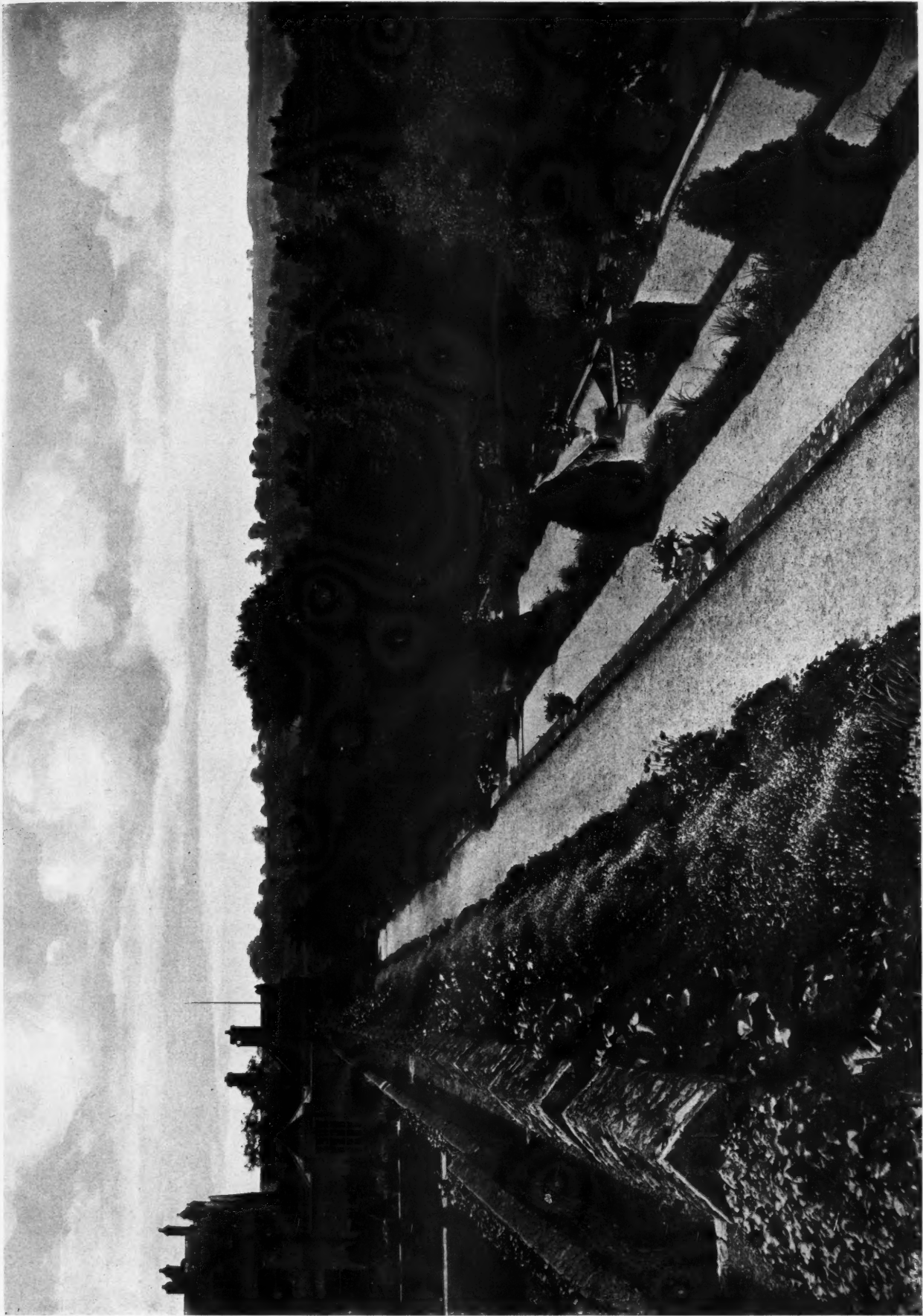
Before describing them let us note the fact that the neighbourhood was the scene of a very sanguinary engagement in the Civil War, still remembered traditionally thereabout. In 1648, before the execution of the King, the Royalists had arranged a plan by which the entrance of the Scots into England was to be a signal for the simultaneous rising of the Royalists in every quarter of the kingdom. The Scots did not keep their time,



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FROM THE BATTLEMENTS.

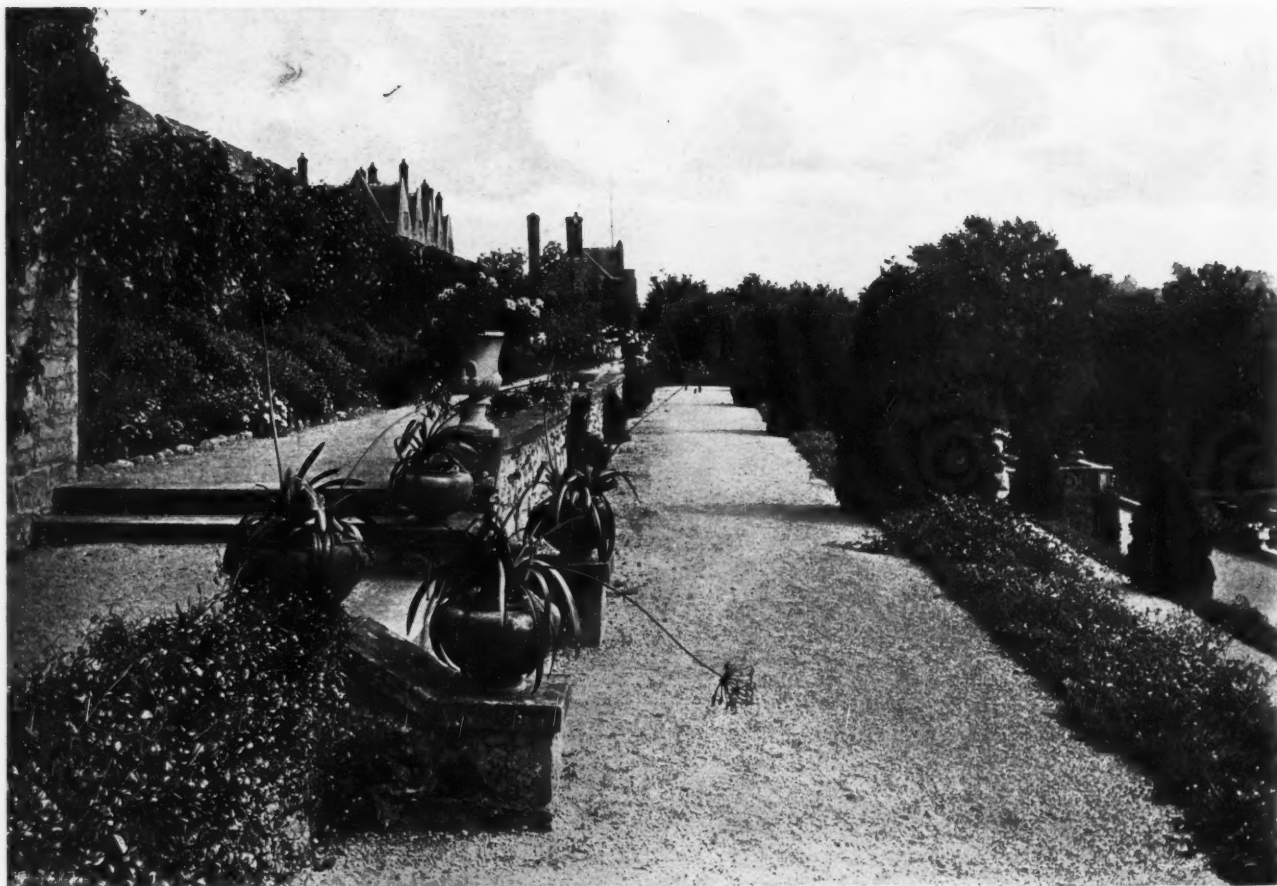
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THE WATCH-TOWER—EARLY MORNING.

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THE HIGHER POND.

but the zeal of the Welshmen did not brook delay, and Colonel Poyer, governor of Pembroke Castle, refusing to resign his appointment at the command of Fairfax, unfurled the Royal Standard, and General Laughern and others were active in the cause. A force of 8,000 men quickly gathered, Chepstow was surprised, Carnarvon was besieged, and Colonel Fleming was defeated. These successes led on the Welsh to their ruin. Laughern was hastening towards Pembroke

on May 8th, when, at St. Fagan's, he encountered the Parliamentary forces under Colonel Horton, who had been sent by Cromwell to enforce the disbandment. Laughern, with whom was General Stradling, confidently met him, and a hard-fought engagement followed, in which the Welsh were defeated with great slaughter and the loss of many prisoners. Of St. Fagan's parish alone, sixty-five inhabitants were slain, and it was impossible to reap the next harvest for want of men. The Parliamentary tide flowed on to Pembroke, where a siege ensued which detained Cromwell's forces for six weeks before the place surrendered.

In the seventeenth century St. Fagan's Castle or Manor house passed into the hands of the family of Lewis of the Van, and by the marriage of Miss Lewis with the third Earl of Plymouth, who died in 1732, it came to a family new to the district. The Earls of Plymouth did not reside much at St. Fagan's, and the castle

appears to have fallen into disrepair. Part of it was, in fact, used as the village school, but the late Baroness Windsor gave it as a residence to her son, the Hon. Robert Windsor-Clive, after his marriage with Lady Mary Bridgman. This gentleman largely restored the old house, and furnished it with excellent taste, collecting the old oak and fine tapestry and china which it now contains. A great deal was done at this period, and many improvements and alterations in the grounds were



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suggested by the rough old walled garden, and the picturesque contours of the ground. It remained, however, for Lady Mary Windsor-Clive to carry on the work after the death of her husband, who had designed and completed the terraces and fish-ponds, which are such an attractive feature in the place. The present Lady Windsor has added much to the beauty of the gardens, and work is still going on, so that the charming house and surroundings of St. Fagan's may be expected to grow in their attractions.

Entering the grounds by the gate on the north side, very beautiful is the picture discovered. A broad drive flanked by trees, and by green and spacious lawns, leads to an archway through the ancient castle wall, behind which rise the lofty gables of the Tudor structure. The grey walls of the ancient place give rare attraction to the scene, and a dovecote raised upon a pillar is a feature of interest in the garden. The archway through which we reach the forecourt is richly clothed with ivy and flowering plants within and without, and in the centre of the area stands upon two steps a superb and very remarkable leaden cistern surrounded by grass, which we illustrate. Such an object is very unusual in our gardens, and is perhaps unique, but the history of it seems not to be known. It is a glorious example of craftsmanship in lead. Its double rows of arched panelling, with floriated patterns, and the characteristic Renaissance cresting, in which amorini support shields, are truly excellent.

The date is 1620, and the tank bears the royal arms. Grouped about it are features of exceptional interest—on one side the rugged walls of the mediæval castle, on the other the many-windowed structure, luxuriantly vested with roses and climbing plants.

The principal garden front of the house, however, is on the other side, where the embattled wall, after partially enclosing the forecourt, extends towards the crest of the hill, which it lines with most admirable and picturesque effect, giving a



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ARCHWAY OF BATTLEMENT WALK.

"COUNTRY LIFE."



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BETWEEN THE PONDS.

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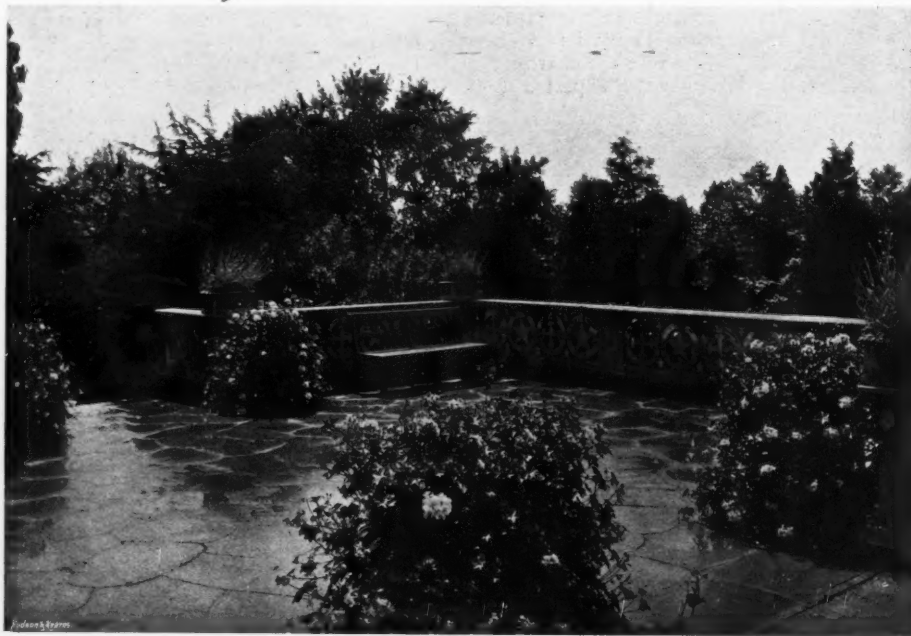
glorious outlook over the terraced gardens to the south. There are gardens, however, on the north side of the wall, lying on the right of the approach to the house, of which something may be said before we pass to those on the slope. Here is the moated rose garden, which has the unusual feature of a narrow stone-margined water channel surrounding its central part. Roses flourish abundantly, and group with admirable effect against the grey stone walls of the old building, for on this side the remains of the ancient castle are many. The garden of annual flowers, enclosed within walls, is a delightful example of gay and successful gardening. Here are multitudes of those bright flowers which flourish all the summer long, filling with magnificent effect a great many beds enframed in greensward, and the walls are floral also. Near by is the characteristic and fanciful trellised garden, a triumph in its way, and the rose garden proper is also on this side. The rosery has been formed by the present Lady Windsor, and is a perfect dream of loveliness and an ideal home for the queen of flowers. Here are bowers, screens, and pergolas with delightful green turf paths, and beds of the best varieties in great masses. Stiff and formal gardening has no place, and the borders of hardy flowers are arranged in a free and natural manner. There is also an old-fashioned orchard, in which are well-grown

old trees, rich in blossom and heavy with fruit in the season. This is a happy place also for the cultivation of bulbs, and a succession of crocuses, narcissus, tulips, and other spring flowers makes this part of the gardens a place of enchanting beauty in the early months of the year. We are tempted to recall the thoughts of Ruskin in this garden, to think that the flowers rightly flourish here for those who love them. "I know

you would like to think that true," he says; "you would think it a pleasant magic if you could flush your flowers into brighter bloom by a kind look upon them: nay, more, if your look had the power, not only to cheer, but to guard!" Something like this is the influence at St. Fagan's.

The long embattled wall which crests the hill there, separates the delightful garden region on the elevated land from the romantic beauty of the terraced garden on the southern slope.

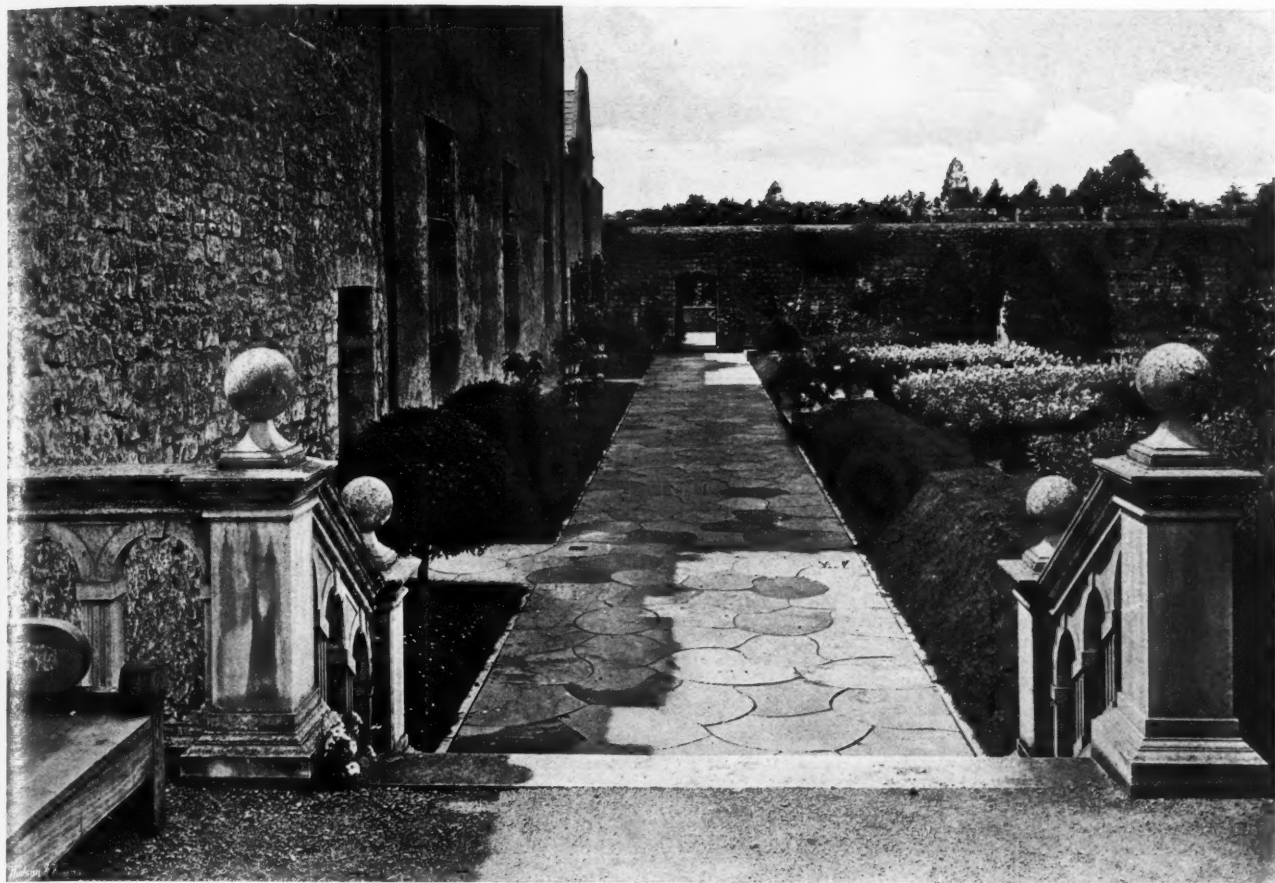
The wall is the most important portion of the old castle still remaining. It overlooks the Ely River; and the "wall walk," which commands the prospect, is well preserved, and terminates in a small turret, being a picturesque part of the modern offices built in the middle of the last century. The terraces are in close proximity to the mansion, and there is a most lovely view over them from the battlements, terminating below in the fish-ponds which reflect a magnificent growth of trees, partly enclosing



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STONE WALK, NORTH GARDEN.

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GARDEN OF ANNUALS.

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THE ENTRANCE.

"COUNTRY LIFE."

them on the further side, over whose topmost branches, from our lofty position on the hill, we look out to the lovely landscape beyond. There are five successive terraces, edged with stone or grass, and some of them having grass slopes, while the descent from the house is by a fine flight of steps, flanked on either side by rows of junipers. In such a garden, where formality has not been sought, it is natural to find that the architectural features are few. Yet, at the various descents, the work is extremely good and very characteristic, and the masonry is handsome, and falls rightly into the garden picture. An abundance of flower vases forms an attractive feature, and roses and pelargoniums, the blue African lily, and multitudes of fine flowers are thus cultivated in perfection. All along the terrace walls also exceeding care is displayed in cultivating beautiful things. The garden melts, as it were, into the surroundings on this side, and, when at length, going down by the various descents, we arrive at the border of the ponds, where the water-lilies grow, we find ourselves in a natural landscape. In the silvery surfaces of the ponds the surrounding trees are reflected, and when we have passed to the other side, looking back we see the house reflected, with all its terraces and gardens—truly an enchanting picture. The two ponds, though close together, are separated by a walk, giving access to the park beyond.

their porches gay with sweet-smelling honeysuckle and jasmine, and roses climbing to their chimneys. There is nothing to



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BOX TREES AND FOUNTAIN.

"COUNTRY LIFE."

break the rural charm, and St. Fagan's is a village dear to the artist, who finds in the quaint cottages and in the ancient walls of the castle many subjects for his pencil. The church is a feature in the landscape, and its ancient character and many memorials make it interesting to the antiquary.

The neighbouring country adds the right grace and charm. There are undulating pastures, wide sweeping dales, woods and rippling streamlets, all constituting a most agreeable country. We remember that it was here the famous battle was lost and won, in which, in some measure, was decided the fate of a kingdom and a commonwealth, but we may say with Byron:

"Those days are gone, but beauty still is here:
States fail, Arts fail, but Nature doth not die."

We must add that to the present Lord and Lady Windsor, who are true lovers of all that makes the country and country houses beautiful, are due the preservation and the enrichment of the sylvan and rural beauty of St. Fagan's. The river Ely flowing through the valley enhances the charm of the landscape. Few would suspect that within a few miles lies the busy port of Cardiff, where the ships ever come and go, and the town is busy with the hum of men. Up on the hill at St. Fagan's, or down by the



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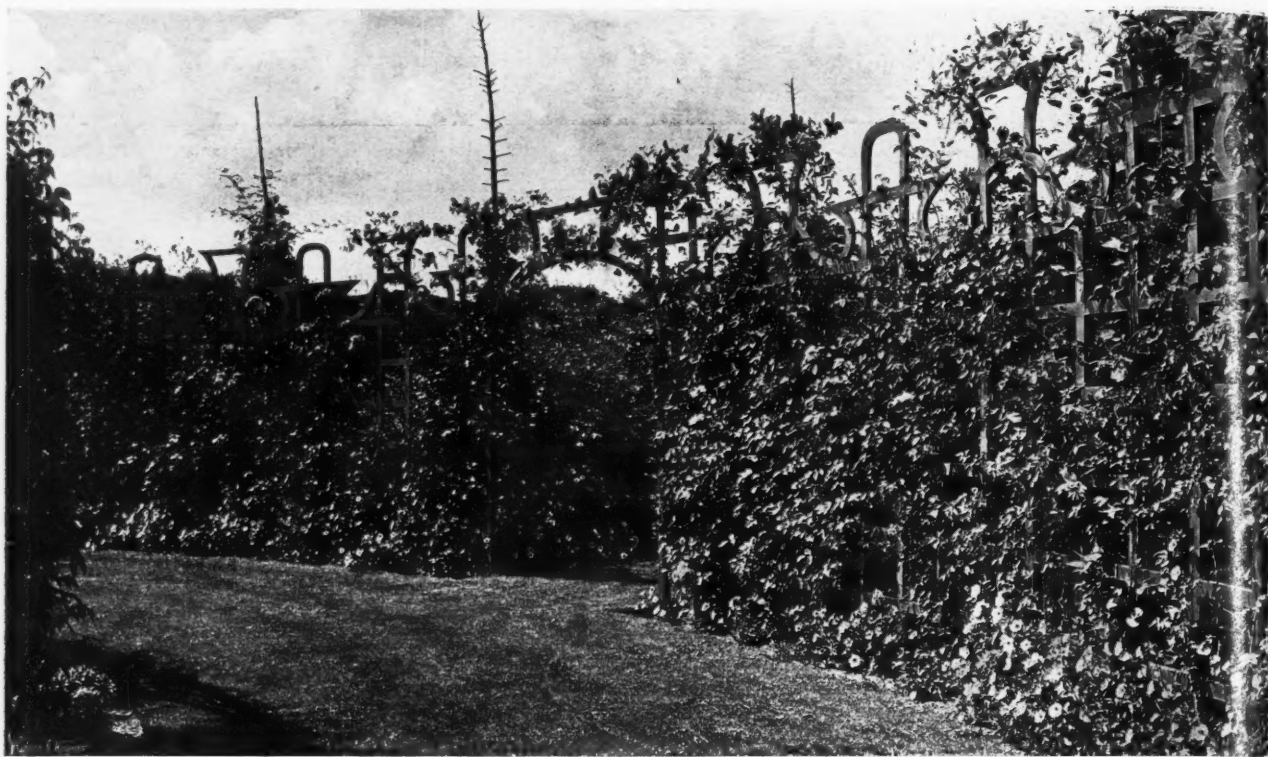
THE MOATED ROSE GARDEN.

"COUNTRY LIFE."



"COUNTRY LIFE."

THE THIRD TERRACE.



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ROSES AND TRELLIS-WORK.

"COUNTRY LIFE."

fish-ponds and the woods, we do not think of such things. We are content to look upon the beautiful terraced gardens, to linger in the rosery, or among the annual flowers, and to endeavour to trace out the plan of the old castle which stood here long ago. Much of the beauty of these islands is due to the care and judgment, and the love of natural things, of those who, like Lord and Lady Windsor, devote themselves to beautifying and adorning with new attractions the places in which they dwell.

THE WELL-BORERS.

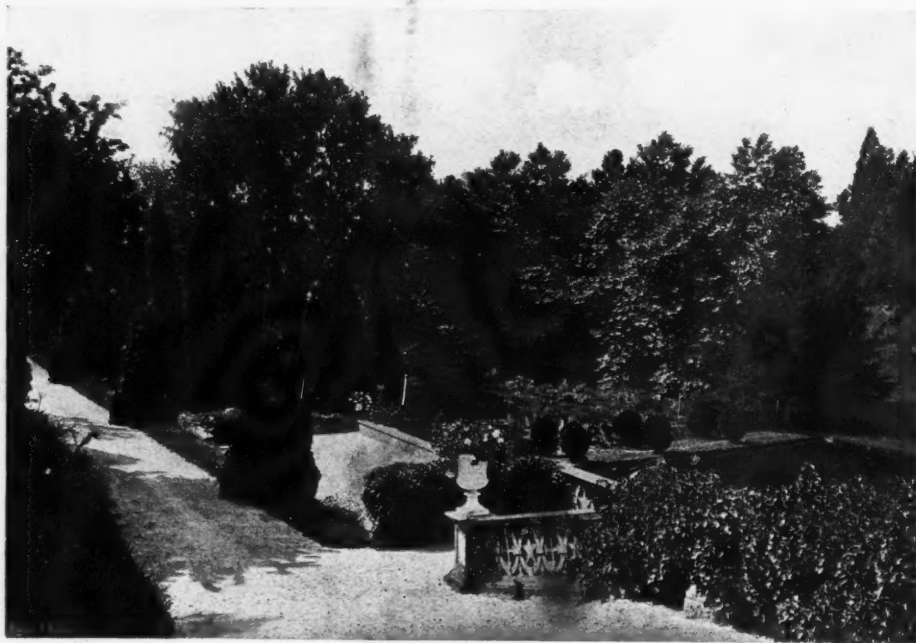
WHEN the well-borers planted primroses outside their hut we thought it looked rather as if the job would be a long one. That was a few months after they began to bore. The primroses bloomed that spring, died down again for want of the water that did not come, and burst into bud again the next year; but the well-borers were still there. They are gone now, but had grown such old friends that we quite miss their hopeful faces by the out-house, which was trustfully marked "well-house" on the architect's plan.

Some people said that it was tempting Providence to begin like this, and that if we had called in a prophet with a divining-rod we should have been saved a deal of trouble and expense. But the architect had arranged for the well in the most convenient place, just between the kitchen door and the electric-light house, while the diviner would very likely have discovered a spring at the bottom of the

hill or in the middle of the tennis court, which would not have been done at all. And of course if we had called him in, we should have felt bound to make the well where he told us to. Besides, there were other prophets already at work, for the master of the house had F.R.S. and other symbols after his name, and so had several of his friends; and though they agreed that underneath this particular site the strata were very much mixed, and the most unexpected things might happen, still they felt pretty confident that a large supply of water might be expected within 500ft. of the surface—and they were quite right.

Of course we had a well already, three or four wells in fact, besides innumerable rain-water tanks above and below ground. There was *the* well, the back-yard well, the stable well, and so on, but the subsidiary ones all went dry one after another every summer, and latterly even *the* well seemed less to be depended on than before, and certainly required most prolonged pumping and persuasion before it would produce half the water we required. *The* well had one great distinction; though its character was unimpeached, and its water declared by high authority to be absolutely pure, it yet harboured a very rare and curious little creature, a species of well shrimp. When the first one was discovered serenely swimming round a tumbler of water which had just been

violently pumped up from a depth of 60ft., we were a little disconcerted. He really was so exactly like the ghost of an ordinary shrimp. When we found that he certainly was not a ghost, we did not know whether to be more alarmed or relieved, for to find that living creatures an inch long inhabited a well which was guaranteed free even from microbes was a little surprising. But he was so transparent and fairy-like that he looked as if he really lived on pure water and nothing else, so



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ST. FAGAN'S: JUNIPERS IN AUTUMN MIST.

"C.L."

we took comfort, and decided to treat his presence as rather a distinction, which we afterwards discovered it was. But that did not make the well give us any more water; thus when some necessary alterations were being made at the back of the house it was decided to dig yet another well, and to go down, if possible, below the reach of summer drought.

Fresh water in our part of the world is very precious, and a water famine, more or less acute, is the normal state of

things in summer; but there was a tradition among the oldest inhabitants of a spring in one of our fields which would supply the whole village—if it could be found. Unfortunately, tradition gave no more exact directions as to its whereabouts, so we had never felt inclined to seek for it very seriously; but we were sometimes rather pointedly reminded of its supposed existence, and made to feel that we were hardly doing our duty to our neighbours in omitting to find it and supply ourselves and them.

So when the well-borers duly arrived, and announced the fact by nailing up a board proclaiming that Deepdelve and Co.,



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ST. FAGAN'S: A SUNNY CORNER.

"COUNTRY LIFE."

artesian well-borers, were at work upon the premises, there was considerable excitement in the village. This increased when truck-loads of iron pipes and rods like giant augers appeared at the nearest railway station, and people "interested" in carting perceived that something besides water might be got out of the well.

Of course, you do not dig a well 500ft. deep; you bore it instead, which is managed in this way: First of all a hole is dug, and an iron pipe forced

down into it as a lining; then a steel rod is put down inside the pipe, and violently bumped up and down by the aid of a steam-engine. This pounds up the rock or earth at the other end of the pipe and reduces it to mud, and then the rod is withdrawn with a good deal of the mud sticking to it, which leaves room for the pipe to go an inch or two lower. When the end of one pipe or rod is reached another is joined to it, and so you go on, getting more and more mud up and more and more pipe down. It sounds delightfully simple, but it is not. When the pipe and rod get 100ft. down they become dreadfully independent, and though you have control of the top



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A LEAD TANK AT ST. FAGAN'S.

"COUNTRY LIFE."

end above ground, the other end down in the bosom of the earth seems to have a will of its own, which often does not agree with yours.

Our well began in the usual way, and for a day or two it was a little mild excitement to go round after breakfast and see how much mud had come up since the morning before, but this soon wore off, simply because all that came up *was* mud. If it had been bits of rock of different kinds it would have been more amusing, but when ground up they all looked the same, and after a time even the colour of the mud did not alter. First of all it was brown, like the soil at the top, then yellow, and then blue, and blue it remained for weeks. The well-borers, who were naturally learned in mud, professed to think that it varied in colour and quality. They even had neat little boxes divided up like egg cabinets, which they filled with specimen pieces of mud dried on purpose, and these were all sent to Messrs. Deepdelves's headquarters to show how the well was getting on.

But one day a change did come; the mud was still blue, but it was getting wetter. It was only 120ft. down, and at first it seemed unlikely that we had struck a spring of any importance, but the next day there was no doubt about it—the water was

rising rapidly. Amid great excitement the rods were withdrawn and a pump put down, and young and old assembled to see the first water flow. Out it came, in little jets at first, then faster and faster, till quite a little stream flowed out of the yard and across a meadow towards the road. But the news travelled faster than the stream, and it was wonderful how many people found they had business at the house that day.

Pumping went on for hours without in the least diminishing the stream; there really did seem to be "enough for all the village" if need be, and everyone looked on with the liveliest satisfaction. The water was naturally rather muddy at first, and no one ventured to taste it until the evening, when someone proposed to drink success to the new well in its own water. A glass was fetched and filled with all solemnity. Nothing doubting, the taster raised it to his lips, but that toast was never drunk—for the water was *salt*. No wonder the supply was undiminished by pumping, for we had tapped the sea!

The ocean itself was a quarter of a mile away, and by what strange subterranean conduit its water reached us, none can say; but there it was, right under our feet and in our well, a most unpleasant and disconcerting fact.

EDITH CORNISH.

THE DRIVEN GROUSE.

FOR the most part we who came North into Scotland to shoot the grouse arrived in the blessed disposition of those who expect nothing. The tales that had been told were of the gloomiest. If there were any birds at all, they were of the second hatch, consequently they would not be fit for shooting on the Twelfth, or on any day near that date; certainly they would not consent to be driven over

particular season—not that any owner really does know this with any exactness—is rather in the position of the hostess who is bored to tears with her dinner in consequence of knowing exactly what dish is coming next.

There never can fail to us, coming from great cities, a sense of ever fresh delight on the first day of going up from the lodge upon the moor where the heather is purple, the hills in the



W. A. Rouch.

THEY CAN'T FACE THE WIND.

Copyright—"C.L."

the butts; but generally speaking there were no young birds at all. There had been no disease, but the severe weather, the mingled cold and wet, of the spring had killed them. There were many old pairs with no young ones at all, and this in spite of a better stock left on the moor at the end of last season than ever had been left within the keepers' knowledge. That was the gist of the lamentable report sent by the very great majority of the Scotch keepers; and even when that report was discounted in what seemed the right percentage out of consideration for the national and natural caution of the keepers' kind, still all indications seemed to point to a very poor season indeed. On many good moors it was said that grouse would not be shot at all, that they were not worth shooting. And on some few moors the accounts have proved only too true, old birds and very immature ones being the rule. But on most of the moors—and the exceptions have been the very lofty and exposed ones—the facts have agreeably disappointed anticipation.

There is not perhaps a more anxious moment than that at which you take position in your butt for the first drive of the season and await results. Most of us, I think, are aware that little really is known of the grouse broods generally until the first drive, and the element of uncertainty adds very greatly to the excitement. Of that there is no question. The owner of a moor who knows exactly what the moor is going to do in any

distance melting into blue haze, the air invigorating, and the light of that peculiarly lucid quality that belongs to the Highlands only (on a fine day, be it understood—a weeping day in the Highlands is wetter and denser even than elsewhere, and there are wet days in the Highlands). We climb up, with muscles and lungs confessing the strain, till we reach the first line of butts; and there is a pause in which breath is recovered, the details of a delightful scenery are appreciated, and the flags of the beaters now and again seen afar off as the drive develops. Presently, out of the dreamy calm which these influences induce, there is a sudden sharp awakening by the crack of the first shot. Presently, again, there is another. Then, if this is repeated in quick succession, with sometimes one or two shots almost simultaneous in sound, showing that not a gun along the line is likely to be idle, then the heart of the host may be filled with a great joy, for by that first announcement he may know that he is in for a good grouse year. Alas! if it should be otherwise: if the shots should continue to ring out singly, or only occasionally in double and treble repetition. Then he may know that the year is one of comparative failure. There is seldom a mistake in these first signals of the days to come. They are to be relied on. It is more from them than from the birds actually coming to his own butt and falling to his own gun that the host can estimate the chances of the year, for grouse, even with the most

skilled and careful driving, will not distribute their favours equally along the line.

For those of us who are in the less blessed, though more frequent, position of guests, not hosts, the excitement of the first drive is a little different. So far as the numbers of the birds go, that is a matter that may make a difference in the amount of shooting that we are to get on this particular shooting visit. That is an important matter, of course, but the importance of the numbers is not so great to us as to the host, for reasons that are obvious. But the excitement is considerable. To most of us the Twelfth, or the first day of our grouse driving, will be the first day of our shooting since the close of the season previous. Inevitably there is an excitement, an anxiety, almost a nervousness, about the first shot. We have forgotten the sound of a gun, and if we suffer from an imaginative temperament there is a doubt in our minds as to how the first report will affect our nerves. Some of us are inclined to superstition, and to a faith, more or less avowed, that the result of the first shot may be taken as an omen of our shooting during the year. This is an extreme view, may be, yet we know of one celebrated shooter of high pheasants who states it to be his deliberate practice (and we have seen him act up to his theory) to let by him all the first shots if they are difficult, so as to begin with an easy one that he is fairly certain of killing, so convinced is he that the miss of the first shot is fatal to the success of his shooting during the whole of the day. With such a conviction as this it is hard to say how easy a shot he should not wait for when it is the first shot of the year.

The charms of purple heather, blue distant hills, and all accessory delights are forgotten with the first sight of the bird that comes so swiftly and evenly, following all the undulations of the moor, towards your butt. There is a certain fallacy, that is held very widely on the driving moors of Scotland, that the grouse do not turn aside from the aspect of the butts. The theory is that the birds grow used to the look of the butts, and so are not prone to swerve aside when they find themselves driven over them. That is as it may be. Some birds—those that live in the neighbourhood of the butts—may indeed grow quite used to them. But your grouse probably does not make itself acquainted with the geography of the moor very far and very wide. There is no doubt that even if some of the grouse are familiar with the look of the butts in a certain place, others who have been brought up a mile, say, distant, do not know these butts. Yet you drive sometimes a good deal more than

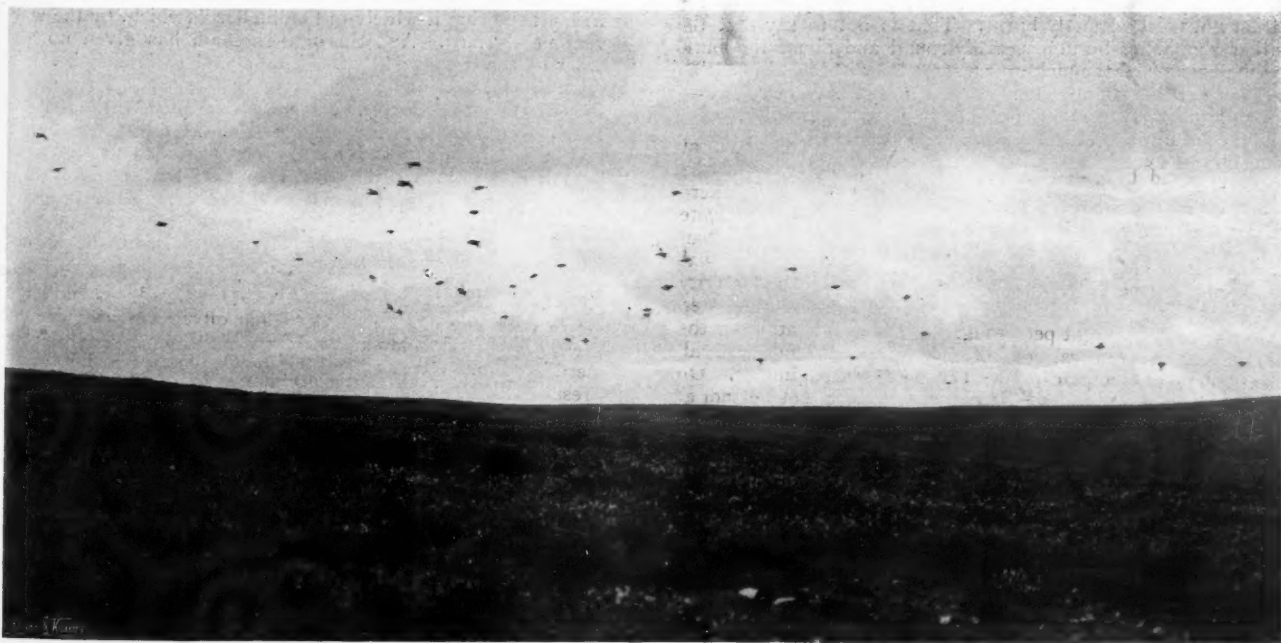


W. A. Rouch.

OVER THE NEXT BUTT.

Copyright—"C. L."

this, and the moment that a bird topping the rising ground finds the black, upstanding thing before him that is the common grouse-butt, he must certainly take a good look at it; and if this first look shows him a human head and shoulders with a gleaming gun barrel (to say nothing of the loader with the second gun) above the butt's top, he is more than likely, if he have time (and turning away does not take him long), to say "No, thank you," and to swerve away over the beaters' heads anywhere out of range of that line of formidable butts. We see this, do we not? We see the birds turning back, declining to face the ordinarily made butt. We do not see this, however, where the butts are made well sunken in the heather, with sides sloping so gradually that to the on-coming birds they can hardly be distinguished from the heather itself. No doubt this better style of butt is gradually superseding the other; but, no doubt, too, the reformation is very gradual, and the upright conspicuous butts are still in a big majority. But it is not to preach that we are come, but to shoot; and even in the moment that you have seen the bird, if he happen to come with even the least breeze of wind to aid him, he is apt to be on you and past you before you knew what you were doing, with a mind full of the beauty of blue distances. To turn round and take a snap at him when he is past is the worst way of beginning the season. To turn round and shoot behind is the last thing to be done if other birds are coming forward. Let this first bird go, to come again another day, and be ready for the next—really ready. When you once have grasped and grown used to their pace, it is not their pace that will bother you. This is proved again and again by the fact, often noticed, that men will make better practice at grouse



W. A. Rouch.

AWAY DOWN WIND.

Copyright—"C. L."

driven to butts stationed, say, 40yds. or less behind a brae, so that the gun has to take his bird the instant it shows above the heather, than in places where they can watch the birds coming and prepare for them at leisure. It is proved again by the fact, no less often noticed, that they will shoot well birds coming down a strong wind, and then, when the same birds are driven back against the wind, slow-flying and beating against it, will miss them ignominiously. It is aiming, poking, and shooting slow that causes misses, far more than shooting quick. These be deep mysteries, and the grouse reveal them to us.

But the birds continue to come, and presumably you will make fair practice, with now and again a bird missed that you do not quite know how you missed, for you thought you were dead on him, and now and again one that you know quite well how you missed—generally, though not so invariably as often seems to be thought, because you shot behind him, or not enough in front of him; and again, though far more seldom, one that you are surprised at killing because you did not think you were on him. Of your cartridges, do not trouble to take an account. It is vexation of spirit to keep any such reckoning, and the cartridge counter seldom is the best class of shot. The opposite theory to that implied by this practice is the more acceptable—that he is the best shot who fires the greatest number of cartridges. That is a maxim to the opposite effect, but interpreted in the right way it is a right maxim. The man who will fire a second barrel at once at the winged or wounded bird saves the bird suffering, and the keeper and retriever much trouble. For the firing of long shots there is not much cause in grouse driving, except in the peculiar and special case of birds settling in front of the butt. At these you should fire, even though they be out of range, for this reason, that they are nearly sure to attract others to come and sit down beside them instead of flying on over the butts, and that birds after sitting there and listening to the firing will hardly ever come on over the guns when the beaters put them up, but almost always will fly back over the heads of the beaters.

When the beating line comes close there is an interval at which many of us, I think, have an anxious moment or two—the interval between the time when you learn by the beaters' shouts of "Over!" (for there are few moors on which the beaters are taught to work in silence) that they are tolerably near, and the moment at which you first see the head of a beater over the heather. It is a time when it is left to the discretion of each man whether or no he shall fire at an on-coming bird. On the one hand, the beaters may be within a hundred yards or so, and firing in front may be dangerous, or they may be several hundred yards away, and you feel a fool if you find that you have let off birds that you might easily have killed in front, and have missed as they gave you a difficult shot behind. Surely better than this individual option and discretion is the plan, sometimes adopted, of the keeper blowing a whistle as soon as the beaters come within the dangerous zone and the host blowing a horn, which the guns have been told to regard as the signal to cease firing to their front.

Then the pick-up begins. You will have most of your birds to pick up close about the butt, for you have killed most of them in front, and remember that you cannot injure a straight-on-coming bird by shooting at him too close. The pick-up often is more troublesome than it ought to be, in consequence of the heather not being properly burnt. That is not to say that the heather should be burnt especially round and about the butts for the purposes of the pick-up, as sometimes is done, but rather that you should not, anywhere on your moor, have heather long enough to conceal, from any reasonably careful search by keeper or dog, dead birds. This is a counsel so seldom followed that it seems almost to read like a counsel of perfection impossible to attain; but on certain moors it is attained, infinitely to the advantage of the stock of grouse. The new lamp for heather burning that lately was invented is a great aid, making the work go thrice as fast as with the old contrivances. Heather well burnt and vermin well killed are the prime secrets of success in maintaining a good grouse stock.

BOOKS OF THE DAY.

BORN in 1843, educated in France and Switzerland and at Harvard—you may trace the influence of all three easily in his works—Mr. Henry James produced one book, "Watch and Ward," in 1871. Then from 1875 to 1890 he poured out books in quick succession, and in 1896 the stream began anew. In all of them his style and his individuality have been marked and distinct, and it has been plain throughout that the reader must take him in his own way, or leave him unread. Mr. James, in fact, has never pandered for a moment to popular fancy, but has continued to paint his deliberate, subtle, and leisurely pictures of social life or of scenes abroad. Hence comes it that, when "a

Henry James" is announced, his admirers know full well that an intellectual treat is in store for them, that they have been provided with a book which must be read carefully, slowly, and thoughtfully, as good wine should be sipped, so that all its exquisite delicacy may be enjoyed. Mr. Henry James, indeed, may be likened to a glass of perfect wine in every respect save one, and in that respect the simile breaks down. You may sip wine, and roll it over against the palate, and enjoy all the delicacy of it; or you may gulp it down, losing much that is irrecoverable in your haste, but still gaining some pleasure; but to dash through a novel by Mr. Henry James, and to carry away any idea of its meaning, is simply impossible. The attempt merely ends in a sense of bewilderment. I know because, in days long past, I have tried; but I know better than to try now. So it is the more grateful that *The Wings of the Dove* (Constable) reached me when, for once, leisure was abundant. Mr. Henry James is not for busy men; for those who have time at their disposal he is a treasure indeed; and this statement, always true, is particularly applicable to *The Wings of the Dove*, which is, to coin a phrase, *Jacobo ipso Jacobior*, more Jamesian than Mr. Henry James himself.

The plot of this drawing-room tragi-comedy is simplicity itself, but wondrously weird and quaint notwithstanding. Kate Croy, to begin with, is a beautiful girl. "She was handsome, but the degree of it was not sustained by items and airs; a circumstance moreover playing its part at almost any time in the impression she produced. The impression was one that remained, but as regards the sources of it no sum in addition would have made up the total. She had stature without height, grace without motion, presence without mass. Slender and simple, frequently soundless, she was somehow always in the line of the eye—she counted singularly for its pleasure." At the opening of the story Kate is living with her rich aunt Maud, Mrs. Lowder of Lancaster Gate, who nurses high ambitions for her. Kate, who has lost her mother some time before the opening of the story, is cursed with a scapegrace father (towards whom she is willing to do her duty if he will permit her) and a widowed sister living, in very poor circumstances, in Chelsea, whose idea is that through Kate Mrs. Lowder may be worked for the benefit of the family. In truth neither Kate's sister nor her father matter much to the story, but both are subtle portraits. Kate, then, finding that neither father nor sister has a use for her, returns to Lancaster Gate and the main story begins.

Kate has a lover, Merton Densher, of whom as a lover Mrs. Lowder does not approve. Mrs. Lowder likes the young journalist well personally, but she has higher ambitions for Kate, whom she intends to marry either Lord Mark (who is just a type) or somebody greater. But there is nothing small about Mrs. Lowder, and she scorns to take any precautions against Densher, with the result that, after many semi-clandestine meetings, Kate and Densher are privately engaged. Then Densher is sent by his newspaper to the United States on a special mission, but he and Kate correspond openly. Otherwise he passes from the stage for a time.

Enter thereupon two new characters, Miss Milly Theale, a delicate American heiress, of stupendous wealth, who is fatherless, motherless, brotherless, sisterless, in fact entirely alone in the world save for Susan Stringham, a faithful friend who has written with some success in the past, "showing New England without showing it wholly in the kitchen" (which, by the way, is very neatly put). And Susan Stringham has given up all in order to accompany Milly to Europe, and to launch her in the great world, and make her happy, if she can. To Susan, on the Continent with Milly, comes the sudden thought that Maud Manningham, her school friend of days gone by, and now the large-minded Mrs. Lowder of Lancaster Gate, may help her to launch Milly, and recognise that Milly is indeed something worth launching. So Susan and Milly proceed at once to London, Densher being still away, and are "taken up" without delay. It is when Densher returns, when he begins to press Kate with his love, that troubles and complications begin. The positions are indeed difficult. Milly, for example, has never mentioned to Kate that she has met Densher in New York almost to the extent of having tender passages, and she is left for months under the impression that he is passionately attached to Kate, but that Kate, if she cares for anybody, cares for Lord Mark. Mrs. Lowder, too, innocently encourages this delusion, since she sees that it may rid her of Densher, and on this basis Densher and Kate conspire to the end that he shall make love to Milly, mainly, at the outset, to delude Mrs. Lowder, so that, incidentally, Kate and Densher may have abundant opportunities of meeting. Meanwhile Lord Mark proposes to Kate without success.

All this even in its early days is, as some of the more commonplace young men at Harvard would doubtless have said in the younger days of Mr. Henry James, "playing it rather low down on" Milly; but there is worse to come. Growing gradually weaker, feeling that, although she has almost all the heart can desire, there is something wanting, Milly consults

privately the great physician Mr. Luke Strett, and his diagnosis, the result of a wonderfully drawn interview, is in effect, only put with infinite delicacy, that what Milly needs is the desire to live, that she will live if she wishes to live, that she will wish to live if she gives her love to an honest man, receiving his in return. Thus much she does not tell her friends, of whom Kate is really one of the most devoted, but she does inform them that, in the way of enjoying herself, she may do exactly as she pleases. So to Venice, where Milly is installed in a palace, the whole of the *dramatis personæ*, except Lord Mark, hie them together. He comes but twice; once to propose to Milly, who refuses him, a second time for his revenge. But that is later. In the meanwhile Milly, who is gentle and tender and very dove-like, is clearly failing, yet Densher and Kate persist in their conspiracy, of which, in spite of his hesitations and questionings of heart, the cold-blooded cruelty is only too apparent. Indeed, they even go so far as a half-decision that he shall pursue his mock suit even to marriage if necessary, since she cannot live long; and he goes on paying attentions to her, deeply touched himself the while, until she is completely in love with him and is happy at last. This is the position when Mrs. Lower and Kate leave Venice, Milly remaining in her palace, Densher in lodgings in which he is supposed to be writing a book. Then comes a day when he sees Lord Mark in a café, and the next day he is refused admission to the palace, since Milly is too ill to see him. Once more he sees Milly, but once only, for, to summarise a story told with much dainty elaboration, Lord Mark's mission has been to tell Milly that Densher has

been engaged to Kate all the time. The news really involves Milly's death. The dove spreads her wings and flies away "far into the heavenly blue," as Jean Ingelow puts it; yet, before she soars, she extends her wing over Kate and Densher, leaving to him a considerable fortune. Whether he accepts it or not, whether Kate marries him or not, I protest that, after reading and re-reading the concluding pages, it is difficult to be quite sure. But, for all that, it is easy to agree with the concluding words of the book, and of Kate, "we shall never be again as we were."

The truth of the matter is that, their object once attained, in such circumstance of tragedy as they had never dreamed of, Kate and Densher cease to interest the heart. It is over the cruel and yet unthinking sacrifice of Milly that the sympathy of the reader is excited, and the pathos of the situation is very finely rendered. Yet it is no slight proof of the writer's consummate art that, despicable as is the conduct of Kate and Densher when stated in precise terms, one is able to be with them in dialogue, to follow the elaborate analysis of their feelings and motives, in which their creator deliberately revels, to appreciate all misunderstandings accidental or deliberately created, and yet not to hate them as, according to all laws of honour, they deserve to be hated. So here are 576 closely printed pages boiled down into enough words to fill some four or five of them. Here, in a word, is the skeleton of the story; for the flesh and blood and the delicate colouring the reader must go to the book itself, remembering always that it is a novel, almost perhaps a great novel, to be read with deliberate appreciation. CYGNUS.

RACING NOTES.

INTERESTING as the Doncaster September Meeting always is, it was perhaps more interesting this year than usual, for not only was the racing on all four days of very high class, but the problem set in the St. Leger was a very difficult one to solve, and the public had the satisfaction of finding that they had solved it rightly when they continued to back Sceptre till the start. Two elements tended to introduce more than the average amount of uncertainty into the St. Leger. In the first place there was always the doubt as to whether Sceptre would be fit and well on the day: her previous defeats had been as sensational as her previous victories, and no one knew how to account for them, it was by many put down to the fact that she was trained by an amateur, and was, moreover, a very difficult mare to "get fit." Mr. Sievier is said to have summed up the situation very neatly when he said, in answer to a remark that the mare had not been going well in the betting, "It is I who have been going badly in the betting, not the mare."

Then, again, men's minds were much exercised concerning St. Brendan, who carried the confidence of almost every Irishman, and was backed very heavily, both here and in Ireland, in spite of the fact that almost every sporting



W. A. Rouch. RISING GLASS LEADS THE ST. LEGER PARADE.

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paper had pointed out that there was absolutely no line to be drawn from the colt's previous performances

which could make him out a certainty for a race like the St. Leger, and that his running with Port Blair threw absolutely no light on the subject. The Irish colt must have been a great disappointment to his friends, for his running showed that he is far behind classic form at anything like a mile and three-quarters. He showed very considerable speed, and is probably just what his runaway victory over Port Blair would suggest—a very smart miler. He is in the Cambridgeshire at 8st. 7lb., but his running in the St. Leger hardly tempts one to fancy him for this race, though he should not be very far out of it. In some of the sprint races next year he should be worth following. Sceptre looked lighter than on some of her previous appearances, and not a few were inclined to find fault and say she looked jaded and lifeless. This was, however, far from being the case. That she was trained very light must be conceded, but she carried far more muscle than at her last public performance. She has also lost that wild fretful appearance which was so remarkable at Newmarket, this being probably the foundation for the remark that she looked jaded. Her form in the race was all her best friends could desire, she was going smoothly and without exertion till she was sent out to win, and then she simply smothered her opponents and won in the very easiest fashion. It was certainly the best race she has ever run, and her owner is much to be congratulated on the improvement he has effected in her. That Ard Patrick should have been incapacitated from competing was a



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MR. SIEVIER LEADS SCEPTRE BACK.

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disappointment to all good sportsmen as well as to his owner, but I cannot think that his presence would have had any effect on the result of the race, even in spite of the fact that he beat Rising Glass very easily in the Derby, for I fancy that Rising Glass also was a much better horse than he was earlier in the season. Cheers did not flatter his friends at any part of the race, but he was badly interfered with at the bend, and therefore his performance may be considered as not up to his best form. The stewards, on the complaint of Maher, had C. Jenkins before them for bumping Cheers, and after investigating the matter they suspended Jenkins for the remainder of the meeting for careless and dangerous riding.

When the Hampton Court Breeding Stud was dispersed there was much comment on the price, 5,500 guineas, paid for La Flèche, whose subsequent career was somewhat similar to that of Sceptre, though the cost of the latter was 10,000 guineas, in that, after winning the One Thousand, she started favourite for the Derby and was unluckily beaten, while two days afterwards she won the Oaks in a canter, and subsequently won the St. Leger from a field of eleven. It was noticed that one of the highest priced yearlings sold during the week was the colt by Isinglass out of La Flèche, which realised 3,000 guineas, and passed into the possession of Sir John Thursby.

The Champagne Stakes is one of the races to which much interest always attaches, and though only a small field numbering four turned out for it they were all youngsters of the highest class, and were all looking wonderfully fit and well, though Hammerkop appeared scarcely herself. Sermon seemed to be coming on nicely and to have let down somewhat, though he still shows rather high on the leg. The Simena colt also showed improvement, being very full of muscle; but the winner, Rock Sand, quite stood out by himself. He is a wonderfully compact horse, with an immense lot of power about the back and loins, and though not by any means a big horse, he is very deep through the heart, and should develop into a magnificent three year old. He holds engagements for next year in the Two Thousand, Derby, and St. Leger, and if he grows on as he is doing now should take a prominent part in these races. It



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IN FRONT OF THE DONCASTER STANDS.

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must be a source of much satisfaction to Sir James Miller to find his old horse Sainfoin, after so many years of disappointment, breeding him such a grand young one. William III. looked the grand horse he is, and delighted all who saw him. The Great Yorkshire Handicap was a very exciting race for some distance,

as Blarney, last year's winner, set a tremendous pace, and strung out the field in quite a startling manner. Gradually, however, some of the others crept up to him, though for a long way it looked as if they would not get up in time. Eventually they did so, and Templemore won in good style.

Doncaster is always a busy week, for independently of the racing the sales are a great attraction. On the first day everyone is on the look-out for yearlings, while on subsequent days the ring-side is thronged with bidders and those anxious to see if bargains can be picked up. We have heard a great deal lately of the depression in horse breeding, but the



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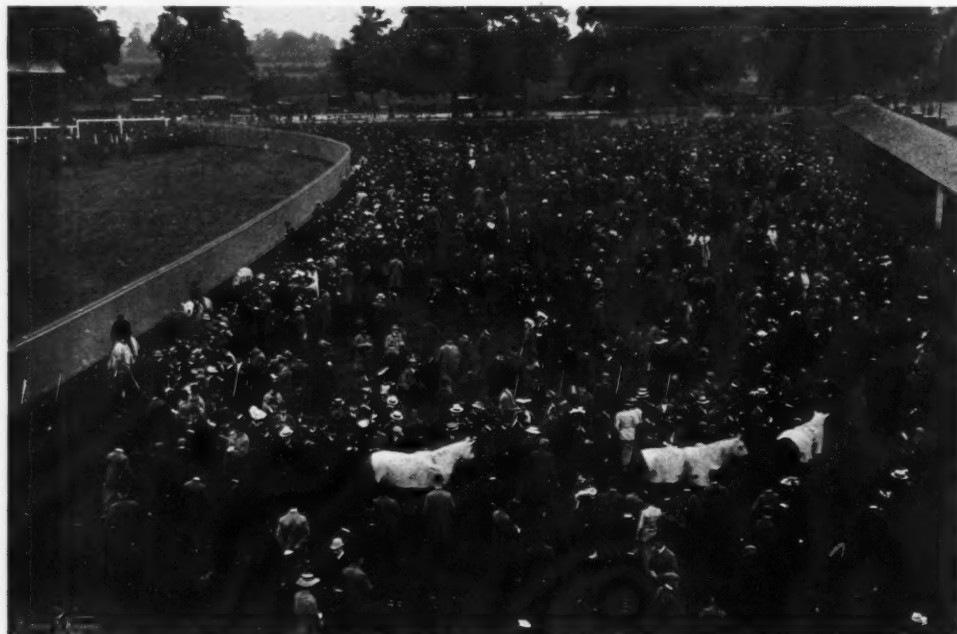
KING'S FAVOUR, SOLD FOR 5,600 GUINEAS.

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results of the Doncaster Sales go to show that the worst is over. There certainly was plenty of money forthcoming for fashionably-bred young ones, though a good many of the rank and file did not secure prices which can have been remunerative to their breeders. For many years the Sledmere yearlings have been noteworthy for the high prices they have realised, and this year they fully maintained their reputation. To the price realised for the son of La Flèche I have already alluded. A fine filly by Orme out of Plaisanterie passed to Mr. W. T. Robinson for 3,000 guineas, while Sir Blundell Maple gave 2,400 guineas for the daughter of St. Simon and Marchioness, and Mr. Huggins bid 2,100 guineas for a colt by Martagon out of Mimi.

In a recent number of COUNTRY LIFE, attention was drawn to Mr. Simons Harrison's yearling King's Favour, a filly by Persimmon out of Phantassie. She proved to be the highest priced yearling to come into the ring; competition was exceedingly keen, and she was eventually knocked down to the Duke of Westminster for 5,600 guineas. Mr. G. Lambton gave 3,100 guineas for the colt by Melton out of Silver Sea, while the two sons of Florizel II. out of Sweet Muscat and Butterine brought in 1,250 and 700 guineas respectively. Mr. James Platt also had a good sale, his string of ten averaging over 1,000 guineas each, the highest priced being a son of Persimmon out of Surprise Me Not, which went to Mr. Huggins for 3,000 guineas, Mr. John Porter following with a bid of 2,600 guineas for a filly by Florizel II. out of Mary Seaton.

Altogether it was a most successful Doncaster Meeting. The weather was



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THE HORSES WEAR MACKINTOSH SHEETS.

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not all that one could have wished, but the attendance was large, racing was rather above the average merit, though backers in some cases came rather to grief, and the sales were voted on all hands to be the most generally successful which have been held for many years.

MENDIP.

HUNTING NOTES.

THERE is one thing about the weather we have had lately that is pleasant. If the sky above is chill and damp, the earth beneath is soft and moist. We can condition and school our young horses without fear of consequences. For the last two or three years this necessary work has been a matter of risk and difficulty. No doubt the best way of recruiting a hunting stable is to buy seasoned horses. They cost more, it is true, but the casualties are fewer. In the end, like many costly things, it is probably more economical. Certainly I think that after the first flush of youth is over the balance of enjoyment is greatly in favour of riding well-mannered, well-schooled horses not under six years old. But it is not ever one who can afford so to fill up the vacant boxes. If you live in a grass country and want to keep your stud up to its numbers without expending a very large sum on made horses, it is no bad plan to buy a couple of four year old Irish horses, work them quietly and steadily till November out cub-hunting, and then let them do hacking work or half a woodland day during the season; they should be fit to give you a month's work by the middle or end of February, when perhaps they are much needed. But my experience of Irish horses bought in that country is that they are generally backward in condition even for their age, and that they want some schooling before they are quite at home over an English country. Irish horses are both clever and tractable, but they need to learn not to drop their hind legs into a black-thorn hedge, and generally to acquire the clean, bold style of fencing which is necessary to the enjoyment and safety of a rider in strongly fenced countries. It is better on every account to do one's schooling at home. This year, the ground being soft and the grass thick, it is possible for the Master, even though he is not a feather-weight, to do a good deal of the work himself. Three sets of sheep hurdles in a line about 50yds. apart are capital for schooling a youngster who is inclined to be a bit sticky at his jumps, and this is a common failing with Irish horses. As soon as the preliminary education is over, it is a capital plan to send the youngster over these at a fair pace with a quick, sharp horse to lead him. For this reason I generally make my hurdle jumps wide enough for two horses to go over abreast. It is, perhaps, not necessary to say that there should be no racing. But there is no tutor for a young one better than a horse that knows his business. When out cub-hunting nothing but the most necessary jumps should be taken. Not because this is not good for the horse—for half-a-dozen fences taken while hounds are running are worth a week of schooling—but because we ought not to run the risk of breaking fences while the cattle are in the fields. If there is no wire in a farmer's fence that is all the more reason for being careful. Hunting men, like the heathen, who only worship evil spirits because they do most harm, are apt to be most careful of those farmers who are least friendly. I believe in doing everything we possibly can for our friends and leaving the others severely alone. The Cottesmore woodlands are particularly delightful places to cub-hunt in. The better you know them the more you like them. There are open spaces between the covers which tempt a cub to travel from one to the other, and if there happens to be a scent you can see the hounds flinging and driving across; everywhere it is quite easy to ride about—if you know your way. True, the hills are steep, but when your horse is tired you can perch on the top of one of them and see something and hear more. On Monday week there was a really first-rate Woodland hunt. The scent, which could not long be wanting, after all the moisture we have had, was there. From the first moment when hounds were thrown into Loddington Redditch the hunt was up—a full chorus with brilliant flashes of silence as hounds, carried along by the mysterious joys of a burning scent, swept headlong over the line, and then swung back of their own accord, and drove through the undergrowth as though to make up for lost time. Every moment was golden. Such a day is enough almost to make a pack, and as for the foxes, they learned or remembered a great deal about the serious side of hunting. The first cub from Loddington was fairly rolled over in the open. The other from Priesthill, from which we had that extraordinarily fast gallop to Botany Bay last season, was all but caught as he found refuge in a drain.

Thursday was the Melton Horse Show. There was a good show of hunters and an even better one of Shire horses. The Masters do all they can to encourage the breeding of these useful animals; and this is wise, for a good Shire mare is a small annuity to a farmer. Many men can breed and bring to market a Shire colt or filly, but it is only given to few to raise a Leicester-shire hunter, and to fewer perhaps to sell it to advantage. However, to a good hunting farmer went the prizes for two year old and three year old colts and fillies. Mr. Roe of Cranoe won with a brother and sister, Buller and Sunflower; both have substance and quality and look like growing into hunters of the right stamp. Mr. C. J. Phillips of Old Dalby, as chairman, pointed out the obvious, but none the less needful to be dwelt on, truth that hunting brought money to the district, and added the moral that the amount of money spent, is in inverse proportions to the quantity of wire. If to the Cottesmore country there is this season a rush, and all the house agents are agreed, it is because there is good sport, no doubt, but also because there is very little wire.

The Duchess of Newcastle, Mr. J. M. Richardson, Victoria Lady Yarborough, General Brocklehurst, Lord Cowley, and Lord Manners are but a few among the well-known names of those who have thrown in their lot with the Cottesmore. The Quorn, too, are doing good work among the cubs. Bishopp is lucky in having an autumn likely to be a scenting one. With a new pack of hounds the key to their affections is to show them sport. A pack will always, as is well known, leave the man who feeds them for the man who hunts them. But hounds certainly seem to give their huntsman credit for successful hunting, and come to his voice and horn far more readily if he has once won their affections by success. Houses are filling up rapidly, and those who want quarters in Leicestershire and Northamptonshire seem more numerous than ever. Gaddesby is to be rented by Mr. R. Clayton Swan, who sold the Morpeth pack to Mr. Cresswell last season for 3,000 guineas. Cold Overton will know Lord Manners no more, as Lord Cowley has bought or leased it—I do not know which. Mr. and Lady Lilian Greenfell have taken the charming house at Carlton Curlew, which Lady Hilda McNeil had made so

pleasant an abode. This is a capital place to hunt from, as Mr. Fernie's best country is all round them, and it is an easy ride to most good Quorn or Cottesmore meets. Captain Spender Clay, Captain and Mrs. Sheriffe, Lords H. Vane-Tempest, Ribblesdale, and Hamilton of Dalzell, will be at Melton, and it must be remembered that though the tide of fashion may ebb and flow a little to or from Melton, yet that town has bits of country which are incomparable near or within reach. The Friday Quorn from John o' Gaunt to Scraftoft, the Belvoir Vale, and the Holy Vale, which is, if comparisons be not odious, perhaps the best riding ground in England. The Pytchley men would murmur about Crick, but there are difficulties there from which the Holy Vale is free. We are to see what the Quorn Friday foxes are like this year, for the hounds are coming to Ashby Pastures—not fields, be it known, but somewhere about forty or fifty acres of wood, with very close undergrowth, as it seemed in riding past the other day.

X.



LESSEES OF SCOTTISH SHOOTINGS, ETC

[TO THE EDITOR OF "COUNTRY LIFE."]

SIR,—I am venturing to write to you on a subject that will, I think, appeal to a good many who, like myself, have been the victims of misrepresentation on the part of the lessors of Scottish shootings and fishings, or their agents, for whom, I presume, they ought to be held responsible. I need not go at any length into facts and details. It is familiar knowledge to any renters of shootings, of fishings, and of forests in Scotland that these are apt to be found widely different from their descriptions. The truth about them at present is not to be obtained, and in consequence very many of us find ourselves defrauded and disappointed. Now, Sir, my purpose in writing to you is to suggest the formation of an association to be called, say, the Sporting Lessees' Defence Association. The subscription to it, I should suggest, would be quite nominal, say, 10s. or so a year, just sufficient to pay office expenses. I would suggest that each member of the association should agree, on joining, to send to the secretary, at the office of the association, the record—say, the game-bag for the year, with any remarks he might wish to make—of the place rented by him. These would be filed away, and thus in a few years' time would be formed a really honest and trustworthy account of most of the places in Scotland that come into the market for rental. Any member of the association could then, on sending up to the secretary, obtain a copy of the game-bag and any comments of past tenants on a place that he was thinking of taking. In this way a bureau of trustworthy information soon might be formed that might save much loss of money and much disappointment to all members of the association. Of course, I am not presuming to suggest, Sir, that you should take any active part in the formation of such an association, except by the publicity which I hope you will give this proposal in the columns of your influential paper. If the suggestion evokes the response that I hope it may, it will then be for us, the lessees, to see about the formation of the association. I may add that no honest landlord need take the slightest exception to a movement that is only aimed at checking the iniquities of those who hardly are to be described by that epithet.—G.

WASTED SHOOTING GROUND.

[TO THE EDITOR OF "COUNTRY LIFE."]

SIR,—Your correspondent's views as to the causes of the decrease of partridges from many parts of the Berkshire Downs and Vale of White Horse where they were numerous will be no novelty to those who have rented or own shooting, in parts of England where preserving is not general. It will be found that where the shooting is left to the tenant farmer it is in nine cases out of ten a wasted asset. They neither look after it themselves nor encourage their men to do so, and are contented if they can let it for as much per acre as a succession of new and "green" lessees can be induced to pay, which seldom amounts to one-half of what they would give for ground properly looked after by the occupier. The latter then can hardly be blamed for taking no interest in preserving nests. The worst class (who now bear a greater proportion to the others than they did) take the eggs to eat, if not to sell. I quite agree that with a season like this, the prospects of partridge shooting for next year and the future generally are very bad.—V. W. H.

[The remedy for this state of things lies in educating the farmers to see the value of preserving their shooting. If they were convinced of this they might induce their men to become keepers rather than poachers. If proper relations could be established between master and men keepers would scarcely be needed on partridge ground.—ED.]

SONNING BRIDGES.

[TO THE EDITOR OF "COUNTRY LIFE."]

SIR,—I am sincerely grateful to you for taking up the question of the destruction of Sonning Bridges and the erection of a hideous iron structure to replace the picturesque old wooden bridge. Of course the inhabitants of the district have a legal right to suit their own taste in the matter; but the question remains to be answered whether the majority of them look with favour on the new scheme, or whether the local authorities are rushing their plan through without consulting the wishes of those who elected them. I, as a Cockney, claim to have a small say in the preservation of the beauties of our glorious river, because, after all, London contributes largely to the funds necessary to properly control the traffic thereon, and the local inhabitants benefit directly or indirectly in no small degree by the money spent by rowing men, the great majority of whom come from London. I hope, therefore, that you will continue the agitation which you have started, and that you will be successful in preventing a piece of vandalism which would spoil one of the most beautiful reaches of the Thames, of which I have many happy recollections.—H. M.

CONSTABLE'S STRATFORD.

[TO THE EDITOR OF "COUNTRY LIFE."]

SIR,—In your issue of July 19th you gave an illustration or two of Constable's pictures, and among them is one named "Water Lane, Stratford." There is a Water Lane close here, which runs from Maryland Point Station to the Romford Road, but I take it that this is not the Stratford to which the picture refers, but that it is Stratford St. Mary, Suffolk, which is situated in the Stour Valley, and not far from Dedham. If you can give me any information in respect to this I would be much obliged.—B. E. H., Stratford, E.

[As far as we know there is no documentary evidence stating from which Stratford the drawing of "Water Lane" by Constable was taken. But as Dedham and the Stour Valley were his favourite painting haunts—as so many of his famous pictures prove—probability points most strongly to the Stratford St. Mary in Suffolk, and not the one at Maryland Point Station, being the subject of the drawing referred to.—ED.]

DRUIDICAL STONES.

[TO THE EDITOR OF "COUNTRY LIFE."]

SIR,—Will you or one of your readers kindly state where I should find a plan of how the Druids arranged the stones at their sacrifice-places? Is there any book where there is such a plan, or of that of the stones at Karnac (France), with their history? Any information or design would be very welcome.—N. T. C.

[For plans of Karnac see Murray's guide books describing the Druids and their religious rites by Morien O. Morgan, the living representative of the Welsh Arch Druid, published by Whittaker, 2, White Hart Street, Paternoster Square, London. British Museum: See Stukeley's "Stonehenge and Avebury"; Sir Richard Colt Hoare's "Ancient and Modern Wiltshire," and a book by Inigo Jones, the King's Architect. A quite modern book by Mr. Edgar Barclay on Stonehenge, published by Nutt, 270, Strand, is interesting. Sir Norman Lockyer and Dr. Gowland do not consider Stonehenge to have been constructed by the Druids, but probably used by them. They fix the age at 3,700 years.—ED.]

A GREAT COLLECTOR.

[TO THE EDITOR OF "COUNTRY LIFE."]

SIR,—It is not given to many dogs to collect a small fortune, be universally recognised by society, and have their portraits painted into the bargain, yet Tim, the Paddington collecting dog, who died recently, has done all this. His acquaintances begun with Queen Victoria, and extended through the present King, down to the humblest person who would give him a penny. The rest he ignored. Mrs. Massey, who painted the Royal dogs, painted a miniature of him, now in the possession of Mr. Cadbury. The King always gave him a piece of gold, and he was probably the best-known dog in Europe.—G. M.

HEMLOCK.

[TO THE EDITOR OF "COUNTRY LIFE."]

SIR,—I enclose a view of what appears to me a rather remarkable growth of the giant hemlock, being up to 12ft. or 13ft. in height, self sown in an old garden near a pit village and close to the railway station. The place has quite the appearance of a tropical jungle.—GEORGE SISSON, Durham.

[TO THE EDITOR OF "COUNTRY LIFE."]

SIR,—The decorative use of the hemlock does not appear to be generally recognised. I allude to decorations on a large scale; for example, the floral



ornamentation of a public school, hospital, or marquee for a bazaar, dance, or any country entertainment where flowers are wanted to fill up large spaces of blank wall. The hemlock, cut with long stalks and used liberally, fulfils this purpose well, and is so easy and graceful to arrange.—T. NORMAN.

PUPA HUNTING.

[TO THE EDITOR OF "COUNTRY LIFE."]

SIR,—As you have asked me for some information relating to pupa digging, I send you this short description of the proceeding. When the summer days are over and the chilling autumn winds have frightened away all but the most belated butterflies, it might be thought that the work of the collector is over for the year. The moths that will fly next year are now chrysalises or pupæ in their half-year's sleep, and the next six months are devoted to a new branch of the study of entomology—pupa hunting. When the leaves begin to wither the caterpillars are full fed. Then some of them crawl down the tree trunk, others are blown to the ground in a withered leaf, and a few let themselves gently to earth by a silken thread. The pupa digger, assuming that these preliminaries have been accomplished, sets out with his trowel. Spying some way ahead a majestic oak, he sets forward to open the proceedings. There is a sudden flitting of birds to the lower branches of the tree from the ground about the trunk. They are the merry tomtits, making their meal out of the pupæ in your hunting ground, but it is not a bad omen. The caterpillars nearly all pupate on the north side of the tree, evidently that they may be sheltered from the storms. So the collector, finding the most suitable corner on that side of the trunk, inserts his trowel in the ground a few inches below the surface. Some tapping of the sod and ravelling of the fingers amongst the powdery soil reveal the first captures of the season. A black, uninteresting-looking grub, or, may be, one of those bright golden chrysalides, is the first fruit. Further scrutiny discloses cocoons of earth and silk of such exquisite workmanship as would defy the dexterity of human art to imitate. Further additions to the bag are made by the examination of the bark. Presently, the oak being exhausted, he comes to a willow and is soon aware of a cocoon on the bark; it is that of the Pass moth, and is as hard and as dully coloured as the bark itself. It takes some dislodging, but after continued knocking it at last admits the trowel, and soon he has the cocoon and its wriggling occupant safely ensconced in his box. Much smaller, and so much more difficult to find, is the Kitten chrysalis; perhaps he finds one, but more likely not. The product of some digging at the roots is a plump shining specimen. It is an eyed hawk chrysalis, and with philosophic gravity it is transplanted to the collector's box. So he goes on, meeting new things at every tree, pupæ of all shapes and sizes. Sometimes appears the large privet-hawk chrysalis with a nose you could almost hang your hat on; other times it is a needle-pointed short gentleman that is the prey of the hunter. He gets plenty, and there is no lack of variety. This would seem to be a very productive sport, but unluckily it ceases to be so when October is over. Floods and field-mice soon diminish the numbers, and those who venture forth in quest of grubs in December or January will probably get little more than a cold. Of course very many pupæ survive field-mice, flood, digger, and all other evils, and emerge to be the glories of the next butterfly season. The moping entomologist still gleans his one or two pupæ per expedition during the early spring, till

" . . . soon to glad his eyes,
"From the sweet bower by Nature formed arise
Bright troops of virgin moths and fresh-born butterflies:
Who break that morning from their half-year's sleep,
To fly o'er flowers where they were wont to creep."

Then he sheathes his trowel and has better things to think about.—S. G.

